★ July 19, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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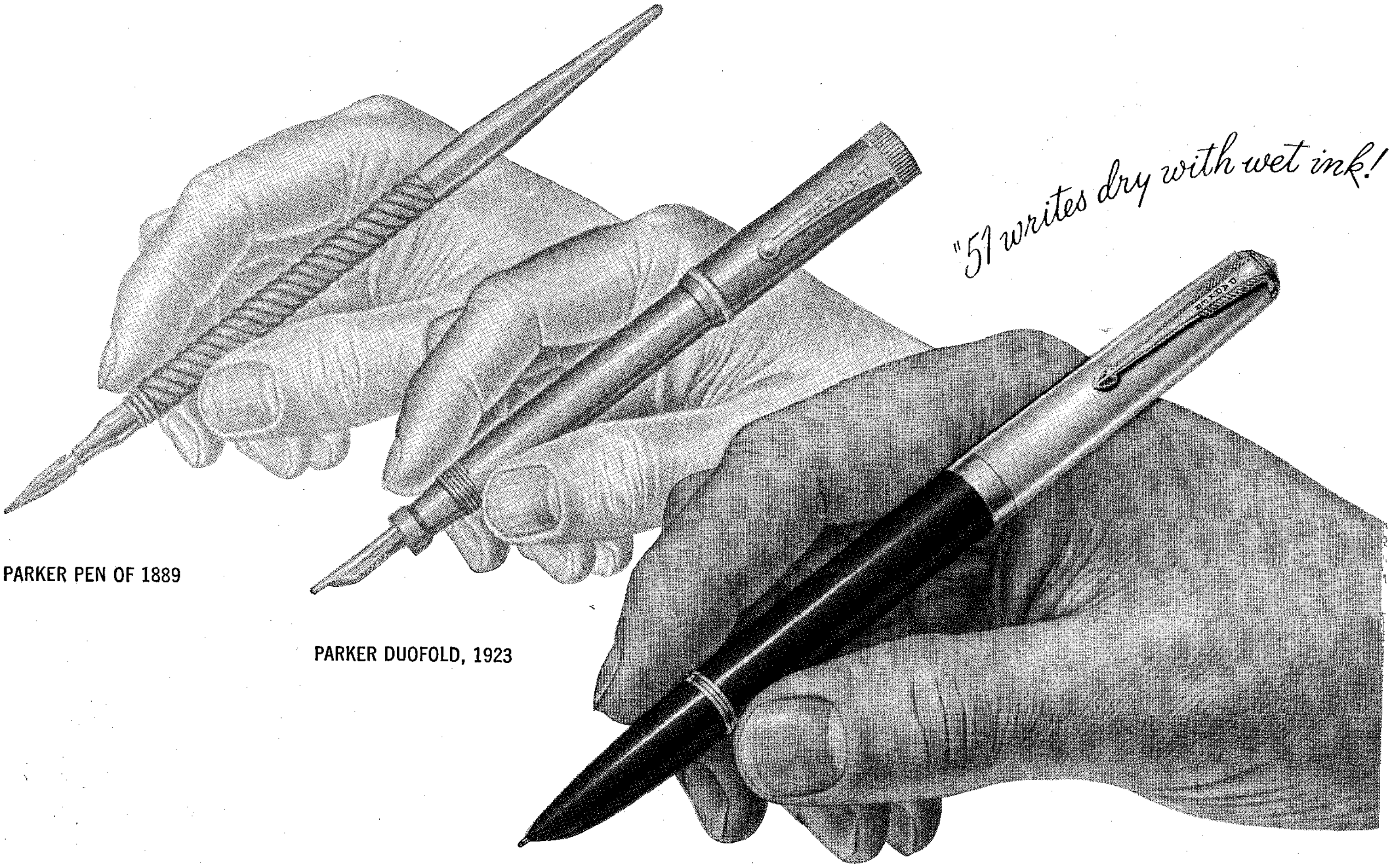
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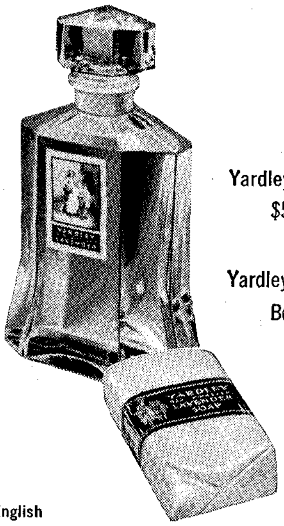

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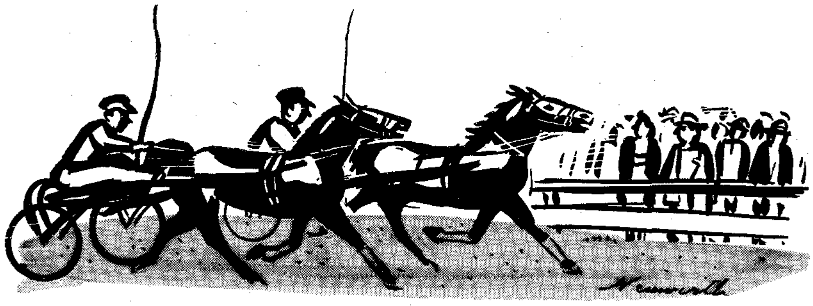
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—A funny and touching revival of the 1927 play dealing with a comedian who can't stand success. Bert Lahr does a fine, characteristic job. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Happy Birthday—Without Helen Hayes, this would be just another comedy about a plain girl who becomes the belle of the ball, but it does have Miss Hayes and she is superb. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—A smooth, waxy piece of hokum having to do with a soldier's postwar difficulties, aided no little by smart direction and an expert cast. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—Something about the reformation of a sissy at a boys' summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Judy Holliday in the role of an enlightened tramp. Ben Sweet is temporarily replacing Paul Douglas. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** James Stewart has temporarily taken over for Frank Fay. Josephine Hull and the rabbit remain. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** Republican politics and principles. With Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** The John van Druten play about a sergeant and his two girls. Louisa Horton, Peggy French, and Boyd Crawford are the cast these days. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Rip Van Winkle—Philip Bourneuf, Haila Stoddard, and Byron McGrath in the first of a summer series of plays produced by the New York City Theatre Company. Directed by Herbert Berghof. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 17.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are too widely spaced. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—A bright, dancing musical, which is hindered rather than helped by a plot that turns a leprechaun loose in a Tobacco Road state. With Dorothy Clairè and Donald Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two short plays by Gian-Carlo Menotti, in which the actors sing Mr. Menotti's lines to Mr. Menotti's music and do a sharp job of it. Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Frank Rogier, and Marilyn Cotlow head the troupe. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—Bobby Clark tears this ancient and anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds and remakes it into something nearer his own heart's desire and the public's. A very funny show when the star is on the stage, as he is almost constantly. June Knight, Mark Dawson, and Marjorie Gateson help fill in the gaps. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Life as it never was in the Army—or on the outside, either. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Moves on Monday, July 21, to the Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** Now and apparently forevermore. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MISCELLANY

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing, you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are often subject to revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, July 17: "Payment Deferred." Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Monday and Tuesday, July 21-22: "Years Ago." Wednesday and Thursday, July 23-24: "State of the Union." Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: "Payment Deferred." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, July 19: Jessie Royce Landis in a modern-dress adaptation of "Hedda Gabler." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Louise Allbritton in "Holiday." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Bennington—Through Saturday, July 19: "But Not Goodbye." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "What a Life." (Bennington Drama Festival, Bennington, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Brattleboro—Through Saturday, July 19: "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "Night Must Fall." (Brattleboro Summer Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Bridgehampton—Through Saturday, July 19: "Holiday." Tuesday through Saturday, July 21-26: "Brief Moment." (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinée Saturday, July 26, at 2:40.)

Burlington—Through Sunday, July 20: Ruth Chatterton in "The Little Foxes." Tuesday through Sunday, July 22-27: Julie Haydon in "Joan of Lorraine." (St. Michael's Playhouse, Burlington, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 19: "The Whole World Over." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Anton Dolin in a new play, "So Small a Worm." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 19: Lois Wilson and Eddie Nugent in "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: William Harrigan in "Years Ago." (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 19: Martha Scott in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Jean Parker in "Dream Girl." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 19: Bela Lugosi in "Dracula." Monday through

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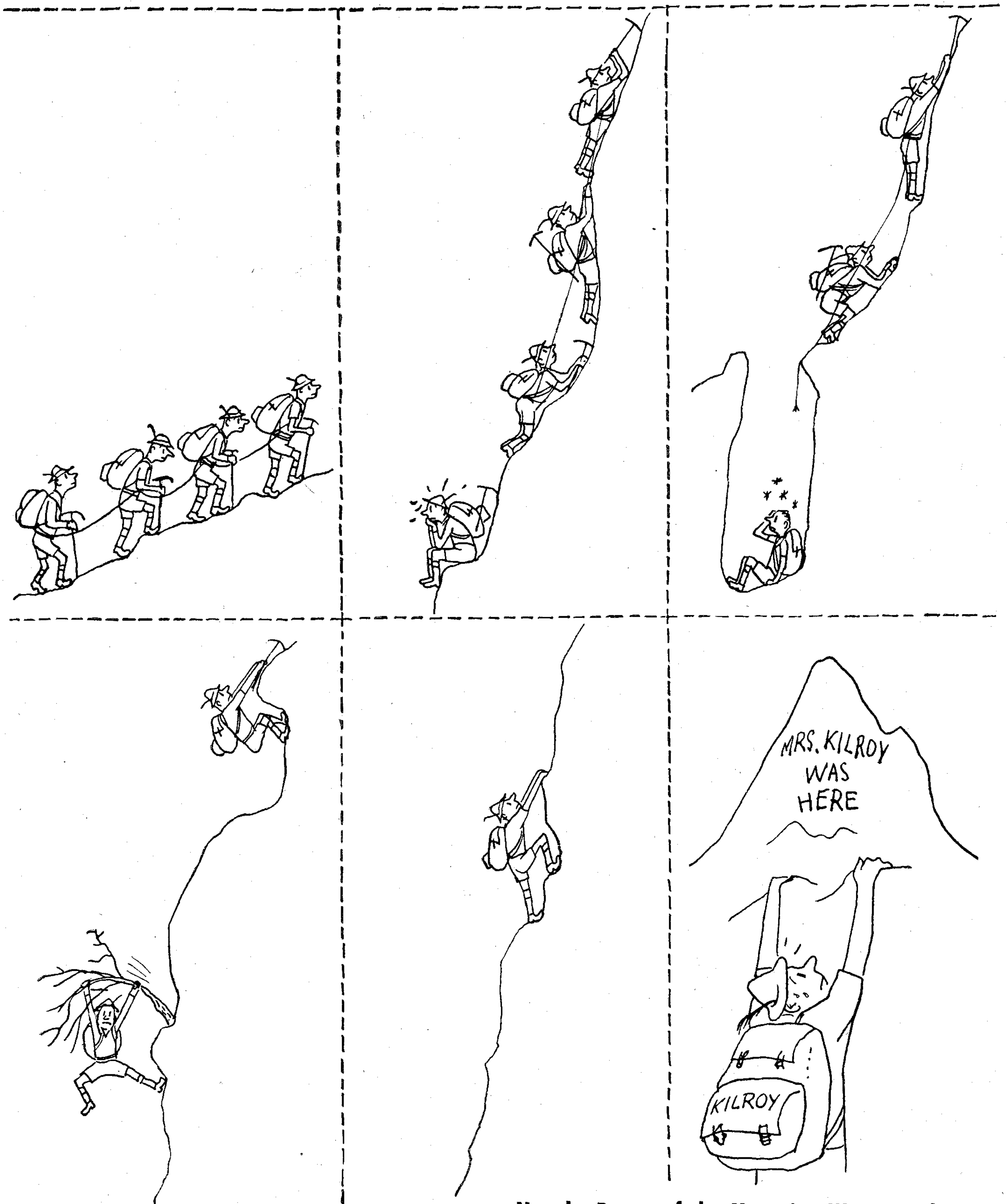
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the Power of the Magazine Women Believe In

During the first three months of 1947, for example, they purchased an average of 271,696 more copies of the Journal per issue than during the same period of 1946.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Saturday, July 21-26: Ilka Chase in Lynn Riggs' new play, "Laughter from a Cloud." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 19: "My Sister Eileen." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Gloucester—Through Saturday, July 19: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26: "The Glass Menagerie." (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45.)

Great Neck—Through Saturday, July 19: June Duprez in a new play, "Bent Halo." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "Petticoat Fever." (Chapel Theatre, Great Neck, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Greenwich—Through Saturday, July 19: The Hartmans in a musical-comedy tryout, "Heaven Help the Angels." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Arthur Treacher in "The Ghost Train." (Greenwich Playhouse, Greenwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, July 19: Roger Pryor in "Made in Heaven." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Constance Dowling in a new play, "Strawberries in January." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ithaca—Through Sunday, July 20: Zero Mostel in "The Doctor in Spite of Himself." Tuesday through Sunday, July 22-27: "Topaze." (Finger Lakes Drama Festival, Ithaca, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 19: William Eythe in "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Lillian Gish in "The Marquise." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 19: "Hay Fever." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "Candlelight." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, July 19: Constance Bennett in "Over 21." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 19: "Dream Girl." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "State of the Union." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Middlebury—Through Saturday, July 19: "Papa Is All." Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26: "Joan of Lorraine." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—Through Saturday, July 19: "The Fortune Teller." Starting Monday, July 21: "The Desert Song." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 19: "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "The Trial of Mary Dugan." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 17: "The Inheritors." Friday, July 18: "Twelfth Night." Saturday and Wednesday, July 19 and 23: "Among Ourselves." Thursday, July 24: "An American Tragedy." Friday, July 25: "The Inheritors." Saturday, July 26: "Androcles and the Lion." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 19: "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "State of the Union." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Milford—Through Sunday, July 20: Peggy Conklin in a new play, "Act of Darkness." Wednesday through Sunday, July 23-27: "March Hares." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 19: "The Petrified Forest." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "The Trial of Mary Dugan." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 19: Faye Emerson in "State of the Union." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "Best Foot Forward." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 20: "Three Men on a Horse." Tuesday through Sunday, July 22-27: "Chicken Every Sunday." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 19: "Outward Bound." Starting Wednesday, July 23: "Claudia." (Playhouse, Stearns Farm, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, July 19: Gloria Swanson in "A Goose for the Gander." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: William Eythe in "Dear Ruth." (Princeton Drama Festival, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 19: "The Contrast." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "The Plough and the Stars." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Ridgefield—Through Saturday, July 19: Margaret Wycherly in "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "Theatre." (Ridgefield Summer Theatre, Ridgefield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Sunday, July 20: Madge Evans in "Joan of Lorraine." Tuesday through Sunday, July 22-27: Freddie Bartholomew in "Pursuit of Happiness." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 19: "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: "The Vortex." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 19: Florence Reed in "Mademoiselle." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: The Hartmans in a musical-comedy tryout, "Heaven Help the Angels." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Suffern—Through Saturday, July 19: "Blithe Spirit." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Frank McHugh in "Ah, Wilderness." (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 19: Tallulah Bankhead in "Private Lives." Monday through Saturday, July 21-26: Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 20: Ilka Chase in Lynn Riggs' new play, "Laughter from a Cloud." Tuesday through Sunday, July 22-27: "Joan of Lorraine." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st. (WI 2-1000)—Remote from the summer sun (it's an underground garden) but prettied up with thriving plant life. Basil Fomeen's orchestra plays for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The airy Cascades has Cardini, the magician, at dinner and supper, and dancing to Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—An establishment of wildly extravagant splendor, which may be the reason a lot of the clients wear dark glasses. Peter Walters plays the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra provides dance music afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—You can while away your evening under this particular greenwood tree dancing to Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, the lush music of Irving Conn's orchestra, plus

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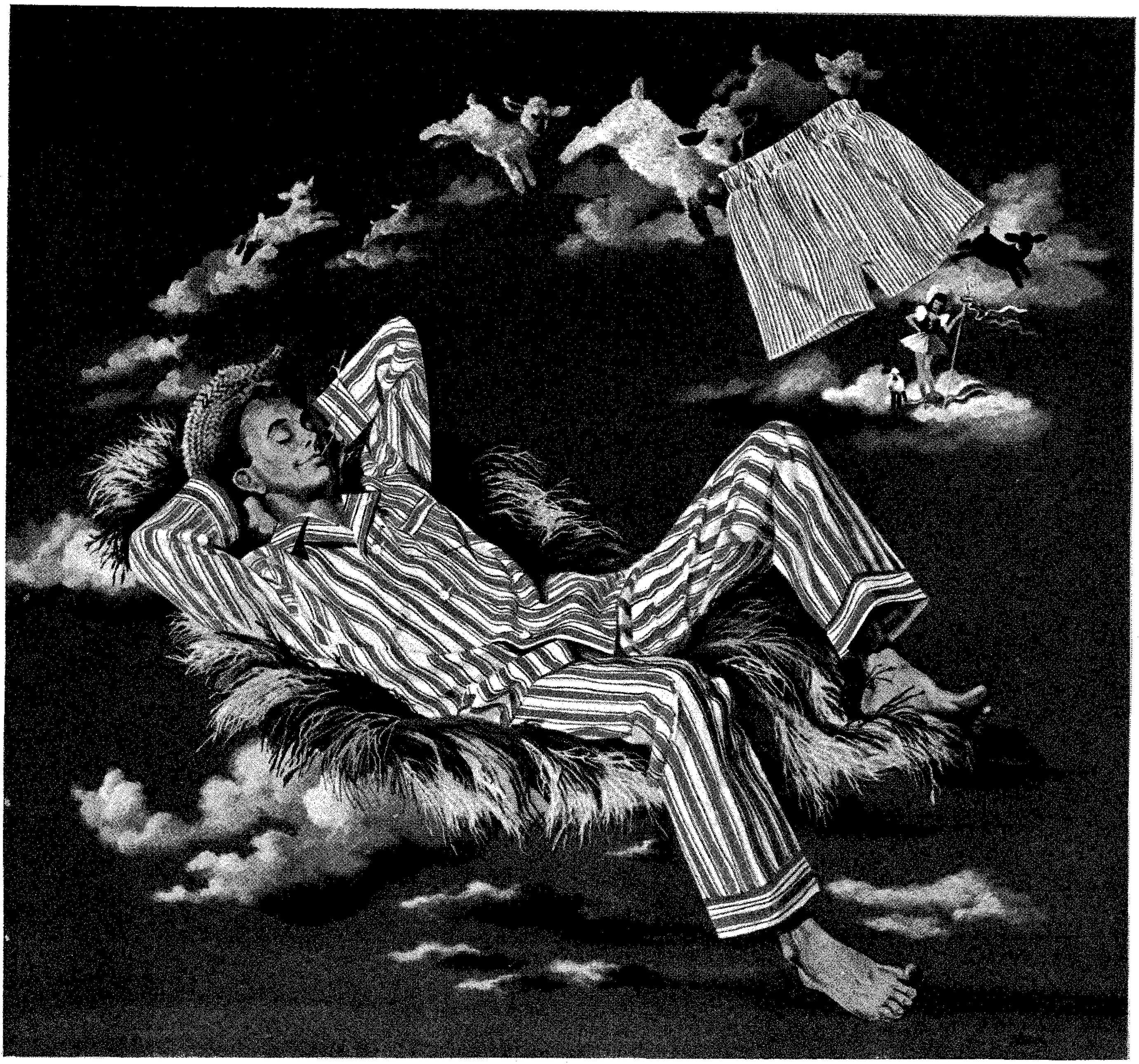

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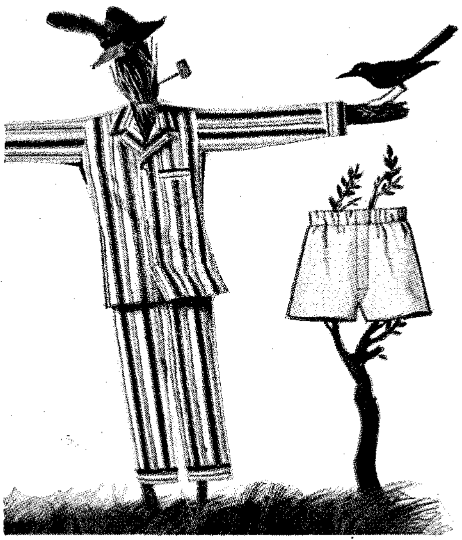

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Ravazza, a soulful sort of singer. Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof displays Guy Lombardo's orchestra all evening. Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley, and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter; no dancing. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band perform jauntily for dancing in a tranquil, polished setting. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox at the piano after ten-thirty. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns at the piano. (Closed Saturdays and Sundays during the summer.) . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at the piano after nine. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent, playing the piano until nine. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900): A small orchestra plays for tea dancing and during dinner and supper. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Mary Lou Williams, working over a piano in a way not at all influenced by Diller-Quaile, and James MacColl, being quite funny; there's dance music by Buck Clayton's orchestra.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): A show as complicated as a solar system, with Lou Holtz, Bert Wheeler, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello largely in the ascendant; dance music, too. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Mitzi Green and Mel Tormé, heading a rackety show; Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, managing to keep his head well above these choppy waters; dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Three Flames, along with Jay Marshall and Maxine Sullivan; dancing. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): A fair-to-middling summer show. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Some bright comedy by Louise Howard, and Spivy herself, contributing some thoughts on the vicissitudes of city life.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A number of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, and Pee Wee Russell. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of distinguished visitors. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, Freddie Ohms, and their colleagues, all blowing hot and blue. Thursday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Bud Freeman's trio. There's a jam session every Monday evening. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835): Chubby Jackson's band, whose hot music is modern and frenetic, but engaging. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR**, 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): A band that includes Jack Teagarden and Max Kaminsky. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Dizzy Gillespie's band. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Coleman Hawkins' band.

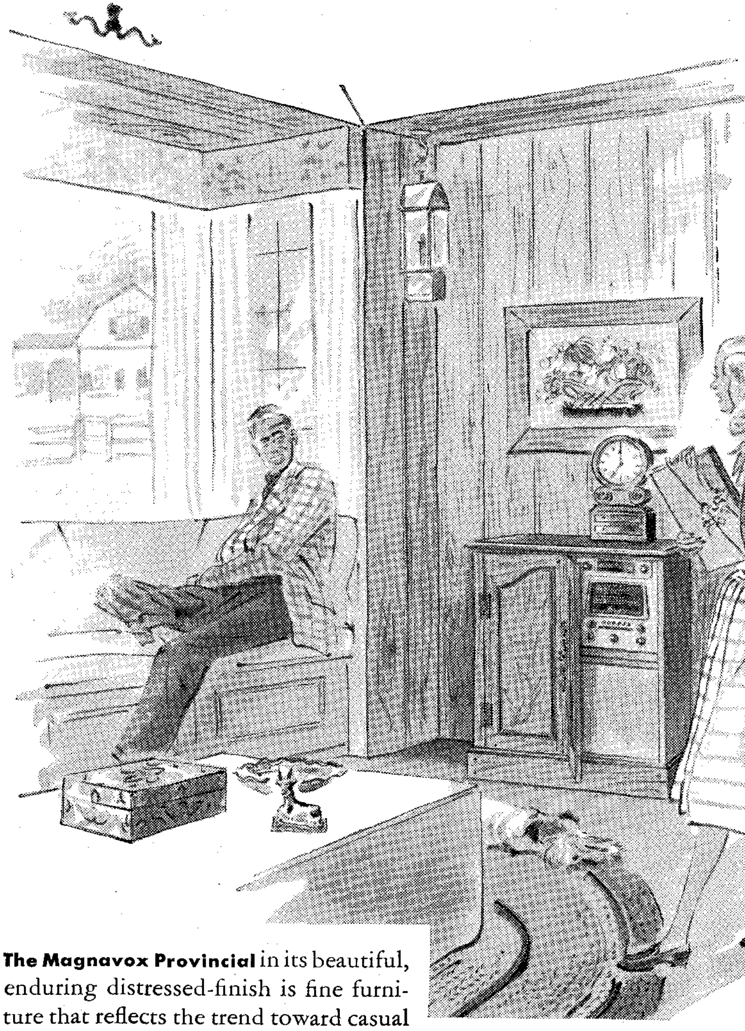
MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**,

There never was a better time to buy Magnavox

It's needless to deny yourself delightful months of pleasure provided by Magnavox. By any standard of value, Magnavox offers you an investment that cannot be equaled today or for years to come. Prove this to yourself. See the new Magnavox Provincial and compare it with others. Listen to its incomparable tone, note the excellence of cabinetry. See why we say Magnavox is the greatest value on the market—the world's finest radio-phonograph. You'll find fourteen distinctive models, priced from $187, at your dealer's.

Where to buy your Magnavox: To insure your complete satisfaction and to minimize distribution costs, Magnavox is sold *directly* to, and only through, selected fine stores. For your nearest dealer, consult a classified telephone directory or write to The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.



The Magnavox Provincial in its beautiful, enduring distressed-finish is fine furniture that reflects the trend toward casual living. A supersensitive radio (9 tubes including rectifier); 10-watt power output; 12-inch Magnavox Duosonic speaker; precision automatic record changing with Magnavox Pianissimo Pickup; plus many other quality features . . . an unprecedented value at $300. With static-free, genuine Armstrong FM circuit, combining 14 amplifier tubes, 2 rectifiers and one tuning tube, $365. The FM chassis may be added at any time.

the magnificent
Magnavox
radio-phonograph

The TIME Advertising Quiz No III

HOW DO YOU RATE AS AN ADVERTISING EXPERT?
HERE'S A WAY TO TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

(Answers below, upside down)

1. Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation advertises in TIME to reach all but one of the following groups:

A. 658,500 TIME-reading executives in all industries (to maintain familiarity with J&L's name as a major factor in the steel industry). ☐

B. Influential TIME-readers in Wall Street and Washington (where so many decisions affecting steel originate). ☐

C. The building industry (to introduce the new "Jayanell" beam—J-shaped at one end, L-shaped at the other). ☐

D. Their 39,000 employees (J&L reprints their TIME messages in their house organ, posts them in the plants, etc.). ☐

E. TIME-reading purchasing agents and engineers (to familiarize them with J&L's steel and steel products). ☐

2. The Waldorf Astoria advertises in TIME for three of the following reasons:

A. To attract TIME-reading astronomers to its Starlight Roof. ☐

B. To reach the many high-incomed TIME-readers among the more-than-88,000,000 visitors who come to New York every year. ☐

C. To keep its name before an audience constantly reading about prominent people and news-making functions. ☐

D. To remind 1,500,000 TIME-reading women to serve Waldorf salad to their 258,000,000 guests a year. ☐

E. To reach the frequent visitors to New York among TIME's 25,000 Washington readers, many of them important government officials and diplomats. ☐

3. American Export Lines is one of the many steamship companies who advertise in TIME to reach all but one of the following groups:

A. Influential people (particularly in inland communities) to impress them with America's need to retain a strong merchant marine. ☐

B. The 409,500 TIME-reading men in manufacturing companies, many of which ship products abroad. ☐

C. The thousands of TIME-readers who have offices high on New York's skyline, like to watch the ships going in and out of the harbor. ☐

D. The hundreds of America's leading travel agents who prefer TIME to any magazine they read. ☐

E. The 970,500 TIME-readers who tell us they hope some day to take a vacation cruise. ☐

You can do one thing with your advertising in many magazines. But you can do many things with your advertising in one magazine—because that one magazine has a primary audience of more than 3,000,000 people who are many things to any advertiser.

There's ALWAYS an EXTRA REASON for Advertising in TIME

Every fact about TIME's audience in this advertisement is correct. The right answers are: Question 1, all but C. Question 2, B., C., and E. Question 3, all but C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A thirty-first-story balcony offering a superb view of Parks Commissioner Moses' little acre. Alfred Menconi's dance orchestra. . . . TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): This leafy bower used to be restricted to sheep, but now there's dancing to Alan Holmes' orchestra. . . . CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): An uptown dude ranch, equipped with a vista (the Hudson and Grant's Tomb) that ought to suit any taste; dancing. . . . BOSSERT, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): The outlook from this open-air garden is well worth the taxi ride to Brooklyn; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-6500): Noro Morales' and Bobby Byrnes' orchestras will be replaced by Victor Lombardo's on Thursday, July 24. . . . CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91). . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends. . . . MANHASSET, L.I.: Mori (Manhasset 1842). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266). . . . CENTERPORT, L.I.: Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839). . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342). . . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031). . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . WESTON, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.)

ALL-SUMMER SHOWS—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by Ryder, Blakelock, and other nineteenth-century Americans, as well as by some moderns. . . . CHINESE, 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition by Ralph Rosenborg, George Constant, and other artists affiliated with this gallery. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's usual exhibitors. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Stephen Etnier, and others of the gallery's artists. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: Contemporary and Early American oils and water colors. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Nahum Tschacbasov, and others of this gallery's artists. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other contemporary painters, and some nineteenth-century French work. . . . SALPETER, 128 E. 56th St.: Paintings by gallery members; 12 noon to 6 P.M. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer.

PAUL KLEE—A set of exquisite little drawings, dating mostly from the early nineteen-twenties and newly arrived in this country. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

GROUPS—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: A summer survey of this house's activities in the fields of both contemporary painting and folk art; through Aug. 8. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: The gallery's group, including Joseph de Martini, Ogden Pleissner, and

Carl Gaertner; through July 31. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Doris Rosenthal, Waldo Peirce, and others, selected from last season's shows; through Aug. 16. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: The gallery's group, including B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Amédée Ozenfant, and others; through July 31. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and three sculptors; through July 18. . . . **LEVITT,** 16 W. 57th St.: Water colors by Virginia Berresford, Isaac Lane Muse, and others; Mondays through Fridays, 12 noon to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

OUT OF TOWN—Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1:30 to 5 P.M.; through July 27.) . . . ¶ Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ Silvermine Guild of Artists, Silvermine, Conn. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 26.) . . . ¶ Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; July 19-30.) . . . ¶ Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.; through July 29.) . . . ¶ North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association, Ogunquit, Maine. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Part of the Museum's collection of stone portrait sculpture, from ancient Egyptian pieces to present-day ones. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to an interesting display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through the summer.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Dutch paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries looted from Holland by the Nazis, recovered by the U.S. Army, and now here on loan from the Netherlands government; through July 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through the summer. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

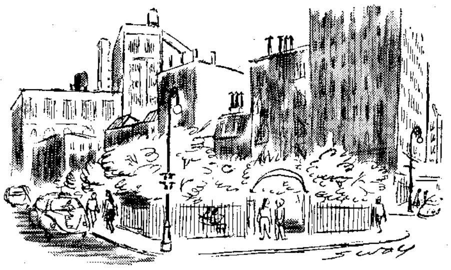
MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

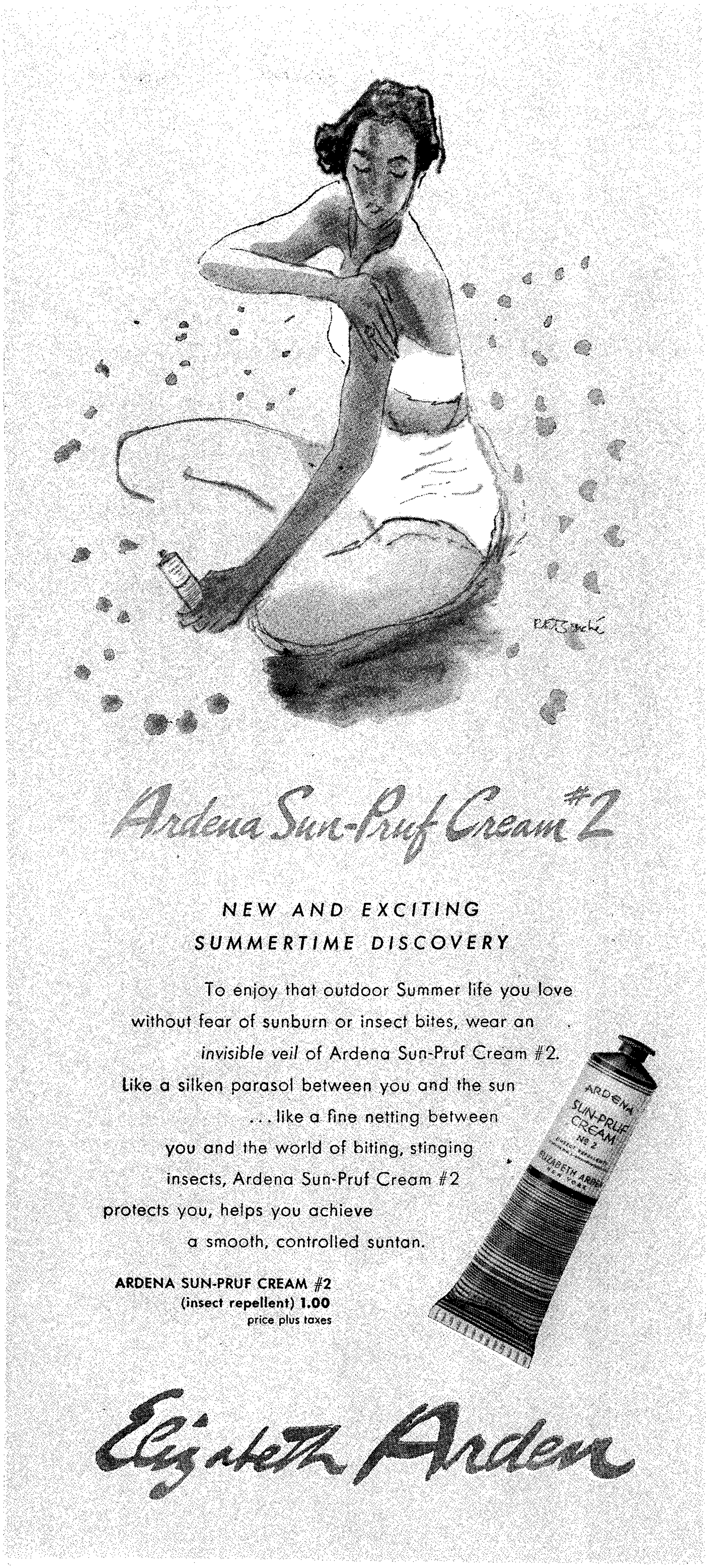
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Alfred Stieglitz memorial exhibition, covering his career both as photographer and as art patron and dealer. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay, Jean Xceron, and Lloyd Ney. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are held on most clear evenings at 8:30. The schedule for this week and next follows. Thursday, July 17: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Paul Robeson, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: Sigmund Romberg conducting, with Leone

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To enjoy that outdoor Summer life you love without fear of sunburn or insect bites, wear an *invisible veil* of Ardena Sun-Pruf Cream #2. Like a silken parasol between you and the sun . . . like a fine netting between you and the world of biting, stinging insects, Ardena Sun-Pruf Cream #2 protects you, helps you achieve a smooth, controlled suntan.

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BOCA CHICA is Puerto Rican Rum at its flavorful best. Altogether a superb rum, that gives your Collins, Daiquiri, Cuba Libre or other thirst-quenching drinks a character and zest completely captivating.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS
IN THE UNITED STATES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, soprano, and others.... ¶ Monday, July 21: Hans Schwieger conducting, with Alec Templeton, piano.... ¶ Tuesday, July 22: Hans Schwieger conducting; no soloists. ... ¶ Wednesday, July 23: Hans Schwieger conducting, with Stell Andersen, piano.... ¶ Thursday, July 24: Hans Schwieger conducting, with Helen Traubel, soprano.... ¶ Saturday, July 26: Paul Lavalle conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AU 3-3400; and in the lobby of the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

OPERA—"Don Giovanni," in English. (Lemonade Opera, Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868. Sunday through Tuesday evenings, July 20-22, at 8:40.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Thursday, July 17: Vera Appleton and Michael Field, two pianos.... ¶ Friday, July 18: Harry Knox, piano. ... ¶ Tuesday, July 22: Muriel Kerr, piano, and Naoum Benditzky, cello.... ¶ Wednesday, July 23: Samuel Lofschey, viola.... ¶ Thursday, July 24: Conrad Held, viola. ... ¶ Friday, July 25: Jane Carlson, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Afternoons at 4. No tickets necessary.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the annual series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings at 8:30.) ... ¶ City Amateur Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturday evenings, July 19 and 26, at 8:30.)

OUT OF TOWN—Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Berkshire Music Festival. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, at Lenox, Mass. Sunday afternoon, July 20, at 3:30; Tuesday evening, July 22, at 8:30; Thursday evening, July 24, at 8:15; and Saturday evening, July 26, at 8:15, with William Primrose, viola.) ... ¶ Chamber-music concert. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, July 20, at 4.) ... ¶ The Colony Opera Guild presenting "Pirates of Penzance." (Schroon Lake, N.Y. Friday evening, July 25, at 8:15.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Thursday, July 17, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh.... ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, July 19-20, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. St. Louis.... ¶ Monday, July 21, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Dodgers vs. Cincinnati.... **POLO GROUNDS:** Thursday, July 17, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Chicago.... ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:45 P.M., Saturday, July 19, at 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, July 20, at 2 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Cincinnati.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Tuesday, July 22, at 8:45 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, July 23-24, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. St. Louis. ... ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Chicago.... **COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.:** Monday, July 21, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Boston Braves, in an exhibition game.

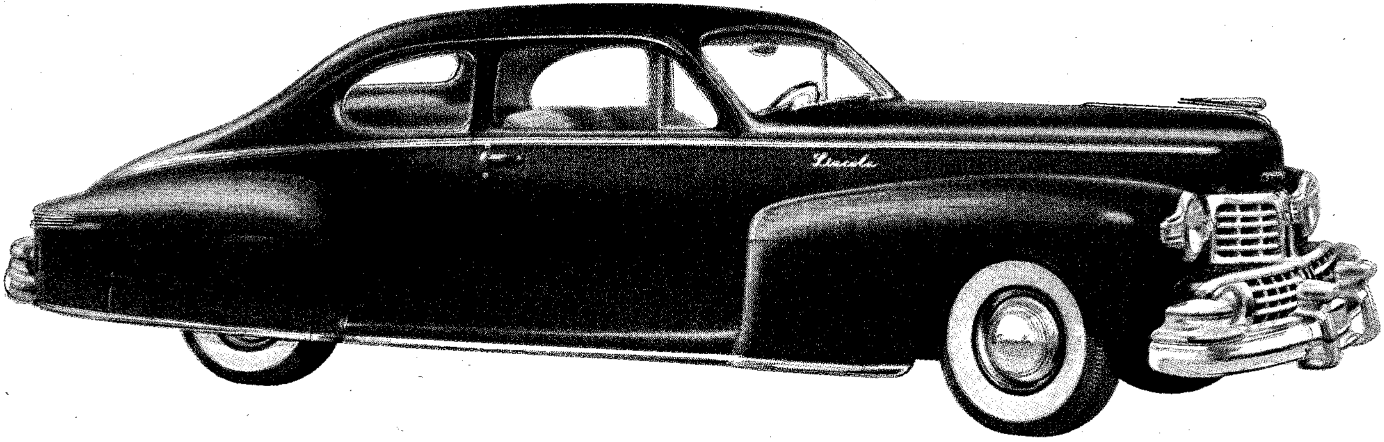
BOXING—Friday, July 18: Charley Fusari vs. Eddie Giosa, welterweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, July 25: Ezzard Charles vs. Elmer Ray, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Pomonok Country Club, Flushing, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20.)

HORSE SHOWS—Goldens Bridge Hounds, Colt, and Horse Show. (Brewster, N.Y. Sunday, July 20.) ... ¶ Berkshire Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Sunday, July 20.) ... ¶ Elmira Horse Show. (Elmira, N.Y. Friday through Sunday, July 25-27.) ... ¶ Lakeville Horse Show. (Lakeville, Conn. Friday through Sunday, July 25-27.)

POLO—At **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury, L.I.: Handicap Polo Championship Tournament, Sundays at 3:30 P.M.... **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.... **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays

FOR YOU ALONE . . .



Your motor car is a specific symbol of your success. When you select the Lincoln, you give evidence of your achievement, as well as a thoroughly individual good taste. Ownership of the Lincoln brings with it a personal satisfaction—as if this really fine motor car were fashioned for you alone.

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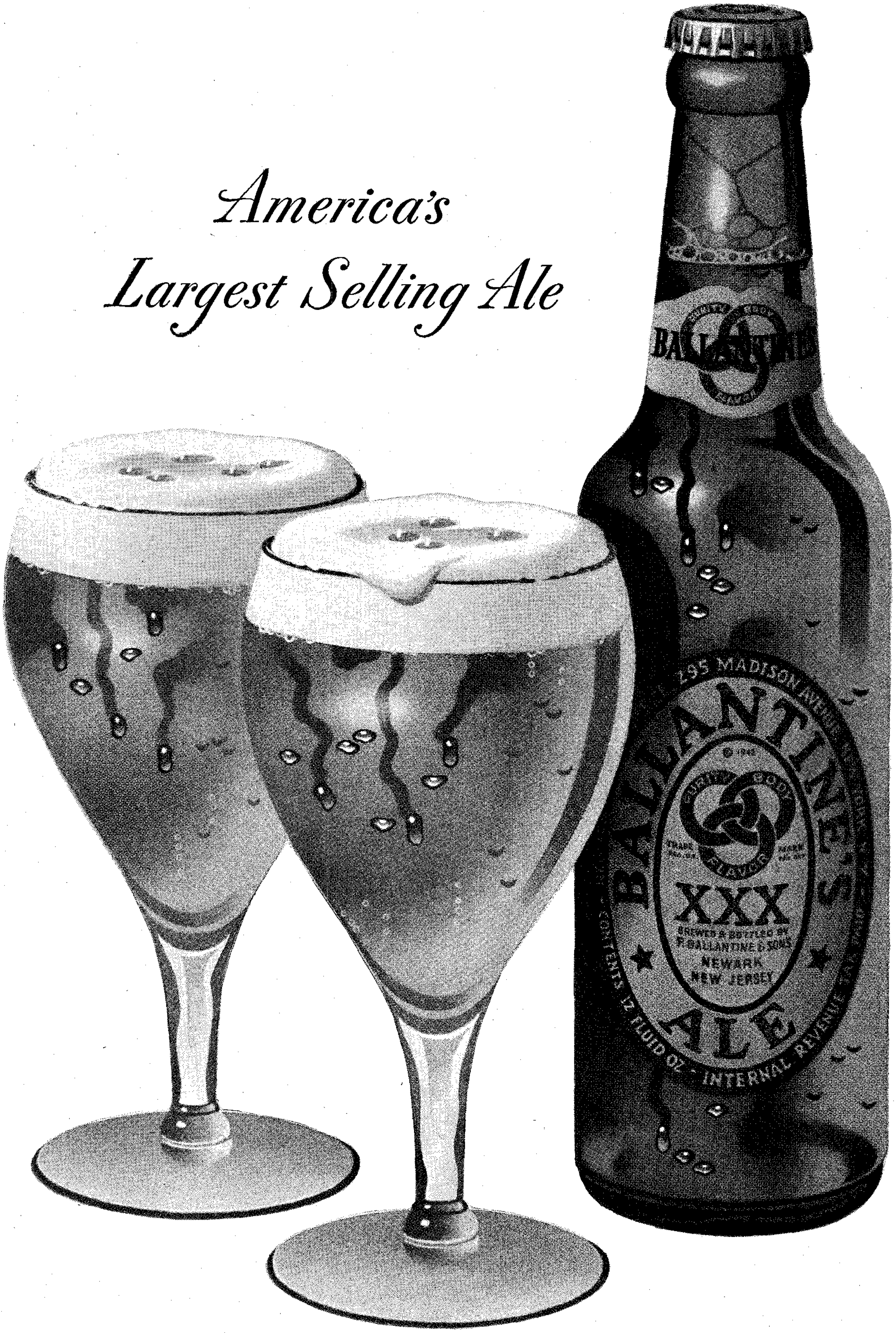
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CONTENTS 12 FLUID OZ. INTERNAL REVENUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 3:30 P.M. . . . FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

RACING—At EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Thursday, July 17, at 1:30 P.M. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station between 11:10 A.M. and 1:10 P.M.) . . . EMPIRE CITY AT BELMONT: Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, at 1:30 P.M. The East View Stakes and the Gold Cup, July 19. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station between 11:10 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. on July 18, and between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M. on July 19.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through July 30. The Choice Stakes, July 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station Mondays through Fridays at 12:25 P.M., and Saturdays at 11:55 A.M.) . . . SARATOGA AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; starting July 21. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

TENNIS—Eastern Clay Court Championships. (Jackson Heights Tennis Club, Jackson Heights, L.I., HA 9-9312; through July 20.) . . . ¶ Invitation Tournament. (Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Seabright, N.J.; starting Monday, July 21.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.: Weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; through Aug. 23.

YACHTING—Huguenot Yacht Club Championship Race. (New Rochelle, N.Y. Saturday, July 19.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, N.Y. Sunday through Sunday, July 20-27.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. The same number will be admitted to the meetings of the Economic and Social Council, starting on Saturday, July 19. Other groups convene in smaller rooms, which have simultaneous-interpretation equipment. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Trains to Great Neck are met at frequent intervals by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Science Makes Weather." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs of New York slums that Jacob Riis, the social reformer, took in the eighteen-nineties. Interesting as examples of early flashlight photography, and as contradictions of the legend that the old days were good. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

ON THE AIR

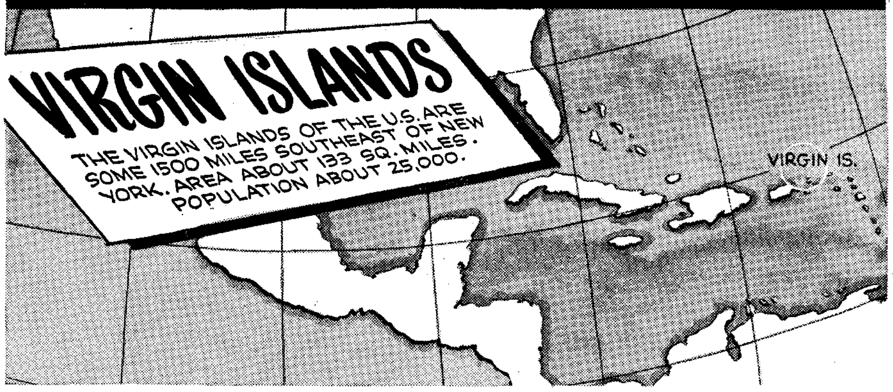
UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sunday, July 20, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, July 20, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ A.B.C. Symphony, Paul Lavalle conducting, Saturday, July 19, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium concert, Hans Schwieger conducting, Wednesday, July 23, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Berkshire Music Festival, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, July 22, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Racing: The Gold Cup, at Belmont, Saturday, July 19, at 4:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ The Choice Stakes, at Monmouth Park, Saturday, July 19, at 4:30 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Saturdays at 7:45 P.M., WINS, and Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.

Telephone Tours



VIRGIN ISLANDS

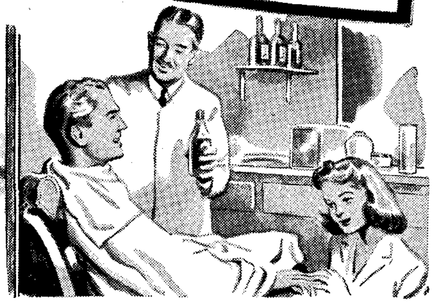
THE VIRGIN ISLANDS OF THE U.S. ARE SOME 1500 MILES SOUTHEAST OF NEW YORK. AREA ABOUT 133 SQ. MILES. POPULATION ABOUT 25,000.

DEFENSE KEY--THE U.S. BOUGHT THE VIRGIN ISLANDS FROM DENMARK IN 1917 BECAUSE OF ***THEIR STRATEGIC LOCATION*** AT THE APPROACHES TO THE PANAMA CANAL AND THE CARIBBEAN.

BUCCANEERS' HAVEN--DURING THE 17TH CENTURY, HENRY MORGAN AND OTHER NOTORIOUS BUCCANEERS USED THE VIRGIN ISLANDS AS A ***HIDEOUT AND REST HAVEN*** BETWEEN FORAYS.

SWEET LAND--RAW SUGAR COMPRISES ONE OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS' ECONOMIC MAINSTAYS. ABOUT 5000 TONS ARE PRODUCED ANNUALLY.

DEMOCRATIC WAY--AN ELECTED LEGISLATURE GOVERNS THE VIRGIN ISLANDS UNDER SUPERVISION OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR AND A GOVERNOR APPOINTED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.



BARBER'S FRIEND--BAY RUM IS A JOINT PRODUCT OF TWO OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. ST. JOHN ISLAND EXTRACTS BAY OIL FROM THE LEAVES OF THE BAY TREE WHILE ST. THOMAS PROCESSES IT INTO BAY RUM FOR EXPORT.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS and most of the principal countries of the world can now be reached from your own telephone. And new low rates are in effect. A 3-minute conversation between the Virgin Islands and New York City costs $7.50 on week-days; $6 on Sunday.

Bell System OVERSEAS Telephone Service

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Angel and Sinner—A couple of de Maupassant stories, "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi," have been combined to make a very droll French romp. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting July 19.)

The Best Years of Our Lives—Some good dialogue by Robert Sherwood and some good acting by Fredric March, but not enough to warrant your taking this three-hour epic as seriously as it takes itself. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Boomerang!—An engrossing murder trial, proving that you can't always trust eyewitnesses and that a prosecuting attorney doesn't always have it in for the defendant. Dana Andrews, Lee Cobb, and Arthur Kennedy. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; July 17. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 19-22.)

Brief Encounter—A cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life," produced by Mr. Coward and sympathetically acted by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. An English film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 20.)

Crossfire—An unpretentious mystery picture put together along standard lines but sharpened occasionally by candid talk about anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan is excellent as a soldier ridden by race prejudice, and most of the others in the picture are competent, too. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; starting July 22.)

The Hucksters—This interpretation of the Frederic Wakeman novel includes some funny stuff but gets awfully lumpy when it tries to deal with romance, just as the book did. Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Adolphe Menjou, and Sydney Greenstreet participate in the effort. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250.)

The Late George Apley—A once-over-lightly of the Marquand novel that stands up pretty nicely. Ronald Colman, a satisfactory movie Apley, is assisted by Percy Waram, Richard Haydn, and Mildred Natwick. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through July 18. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through July 20. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; through July 22.)

The Magic Bow—Some fine violin playing by Yehudi Menuhin makes this highly preposterous British rendition of the life of Paganini worth your while if you like music. With Stewart Granger and Phyllis Calvert. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Miracle on 34th Street—Edmund Gwenn as an old gentleman who throws Macy's into a turmoil because he's convinced that he's Santa Claus. A pleasant fantasy, edged with a good deal of neat satire on business methods and the presumptions of psychiatry. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; through July 21. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through July 22.)

Odd Man Out—The first half of this picture is as good as they come, depicting James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. The excitement of the man hunt, however, slackens off in the second part, which gets all tangled up in baffling symbolism. (State, B'way at 45th, BR 9-1957; through July 23.)

Open City—A deeply moving Italian film that describes the functioning of the Roman underground. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Perils of Pauline—Betty Hutton nearly explodes in her attempt to duplicate some of the feats of Pearl White, the serial queen of a couple of decades ago. The piece would have been more entertaining if a good many of the sticky love scenes had been left in the cutting-room. Billy De Wolfe, William Demarest, Constance Collier, and several old-time Mack Sennett comedians assist Miss Hutton. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—In this adaptation of the Broadway play, Humphrey Bogart may not be too happily cast as a painter who likes to choke his wives once he has finished their portraits, but he's very sinister and alarming. Barbara Stanwyck is one of the endangered brides and manages to survive him. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting July 23.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—The late Raimu in a French piece that takes an airy attitude toward the perils of seduction and succeeds in being not only persuasive about its theme but also quite funny. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Yearling—An adaptation of the Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings novel about a boy and a fawn in the Florida hinterlands in 1878. Claude Jarman, Jr., is superb as the young hero. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; July 19-22. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; starting July 21. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting July 22.)

REVIVALS

A Bell for Adano (1945)—John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix in the screen version of John Hersey's novel. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 23.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; July 18-21.)

Fantasia (1940)—The Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and some dogs. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting July 21.)

The Sullivans (1944)—The story of the five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. With Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, and Selena Royle. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; July 20-23.)

A Yank in London (1946)—Wartime romance between an American sergeant and the daughter of a duke. Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through July 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. July 17: "The Treasure" (1924). . . . ¶ July 18-20: "Variety" (1925), with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ Starting July 21: "Metropolis" (1926), directed by Fritz Lang. Showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. For information about tickets, call CI 5-8900.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
"Copacabana," Carmen Miranda, Groucho Marx.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
THE HUCKSTERS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Brute Force," Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"The Trouble with Women," Ray Milland, Teresa Wright, Brian Donlevy.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Possessed," Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," Gene Tierney, Rex Harrison.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"They Won't Believe Me," Susan Hayward, Robert Young.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
PERILS OF PAULINE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through July 21: "Repeat Performance," Louis Hayward, Joan Leslie.
From July 22: **CROSSFIRE.**

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through July 22: "Moss Rose," Victor Mature, Peggy Cummins.
From July 23: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," Mark Stevens, June Haver.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through July 23: **ODD MAN OUT.**

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
July 17: "The Unfaithful," Ann Sheridan, Lew Ayres, Zachary Scott.
From July 18: "Cry Wolf," Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Duel in the Sun," Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Slave Girl," Yvonne De Carlo, George Brent.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
FANTASIA, revival.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"L'Atalante" (in French); and "Zéro de Conduite" (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

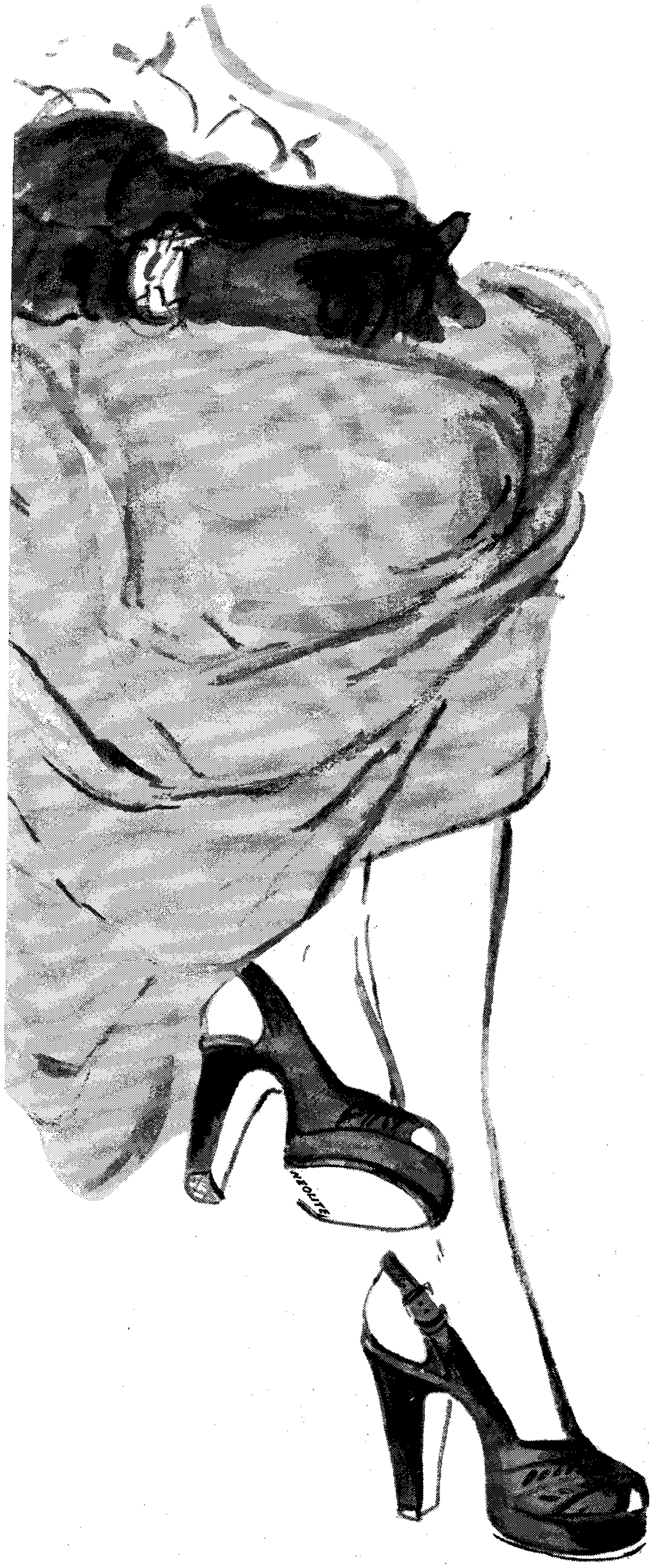
Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), Ferruccio Tagliavini.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
THE MAGIC BOW.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st (WI 7-9686)
"The Vow" (in Russian).

Studio 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
Through July 22: "Shop-Girls of Paris" (in French).
From July 23: "We Lived Through Buchenwald" (in French).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.

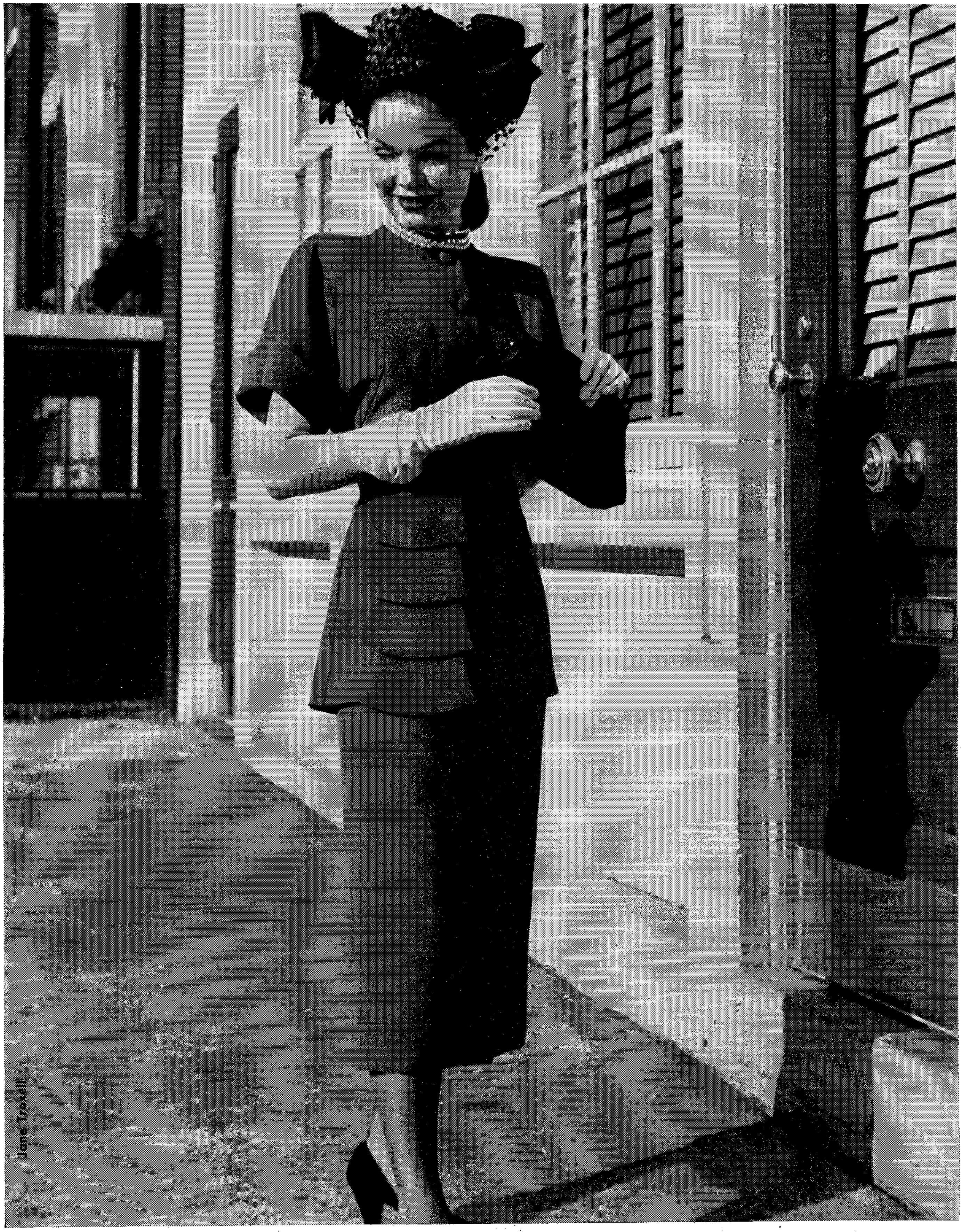


sole idea...

adopted by America's
leading shoe designers to
complete the perfection
of finely wrought shoes.

NEOLITE

THE SOLE OF FASHION



Jane Troxell

FACE TOWARD FALL . . . WITH A MIDSUMMER FORECAST OF THINGS TO COME IN THIS TWO-PIECE RAYON-AND-WOOL FAILLE DRESS WITH THE EASY CARDIGAN NECKLINE, THE TUNIC-LONG JACKET, SELF-BUTTONED. IN GREY, GREEN OR BLACK, SIZES 10 TO 18, AT 59.95.

THIRD FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

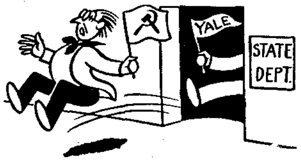
Notes and Comment

HOUSING SHORTAGE NOTE: A sign in a music shop in the Village reads, "Recording Booth Now Ready for Occupancy."

CULINARY SCHIZOPHRENIA NOTE: There's a prepared piecrust on the market called 7-Minit Pie Crust. It's put out by the 6 O'Clock Company, of Norristown, Pennsylvania, and the directions on the box say, "Bake 25 minutes."

"IN other words," asked Representative Lyndon B. Johnson, Texas Democrat, of former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, who had just told a congressional committee considering universal military training that he feared war within a year or two and that we had better prepare for it immediately, "in other words, you mean to say that our house is on fire and we've got to do something about putting it out?" "That's exactly it," Mr. Roberts replied. "You have expressed it better than I could." We think ex-Justice Roberts is being far too modest, that he could have expressed it just as well himself. He could have said, for example, that we are in danger of locking the barn door after the horse is stolen. He could have remarked that you never miss the water till the well runs dry. He might have reminded the committee that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, that a stitch in time saves nine, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, or even, getting down to cases, that a battle was once lost because a nail fell out of a horse's shoe.

IN *Life*, a week or so ago, John Chamberlain, Yale '25, an employee of Henry Luce, Yale '20, addressed a memo to Under-Secretary of State Robert Lovett, Yale '18, advising him that, as successor to Dean Acheson, Yale '15, he should root the Communists out of the State Department. We were impressed by this solid front of Old Blues being lined up against the Old Reds, and the prospect of a struggle for power between New Haven and Moscow, and when Mr. Chamberlain darted up an adjacent alley and started to remind Mr. Lovett how iron-willed and resistant to temptation the over-privileged have to be to get along, we followed him with interest. "You rose above the handicap of having a great father, Robert Scott Lovett of the Union Pacific Railroad," wrote Mr. C. to Mr. L., as five and a half million *Life* readers peered over his shoulder. "Moreover, you didn't depend on your marriage to Adele Brown of the Brown Brothers-Harriman banking-house fortune to further your career as a banker." In his concern lest Mr. Lovett forget who his father and wife were, Mr. Chamberlain managed to twist himself into a rather odd position. His first proposition indicates that he believes that any American who seeks preëminence under our lovable old capitalistic system does so at the risk of performing a disservice to his children; his second reveals a warped attitude toward the American dream of marrying the boss's daughter for love, a vice-presidency, and a house in Scarsdale. Looks as if the Old Reds take the first heat.



NOW that there are trenches and barricades in every street and field tents at every corner, and Manhattan Island generally resembles the earthwork system thrown up around Vicksburg in the summer of '63, we sent a representative out to investigate the matter. He made for the office of the Division of Inspection and Permits, where he learned that permits for seven thousand street "cuts," as they are officially known, were given out last year and that so far this year their rate of issuance has been about fifty per cent higher. Two-thirds of all permits are issued to the utility companies, and a permit for each incision in a block costs them eighty cents; that is, a trench running the whole block requires only one permit, and twenty little incisions require twenty little permits, costing sixteen dollars.

Of the four chief cutter-uppers, three are Consolidated Edison in powdered form—the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, which maintains all gas mains; the Consolidated Telegraph & Electrical Subway Co., a subsidiary that watches over electrical conduits; and the New York Steam Corporation, another subsidiary, which has steampipes. The fourth major offender is the Empire City Subway Company, which is a subsidiary of the New York Telephone Company and responsible for underground telephone cables, Western Union lines, stock-ticker circuits, and, in some areas, the Fire and Police Departments' alarm systems. Other cutter-uppers are various municipal agencies—the Board of Transportation, which runs the subways; the Bureau of Highways, which has thirty-one per cent of Manhattan under its asphalt thumb; the Bureau of Sewers, which has five hundred and sixty miles of sewers beneath the city and is constantly adding more; and the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and

Electricity, which is principally concerned with water mains.

Borough President Hugo Rogers, who lives on East Seventy-third Street, recently became aroused by the haphazard way in which some neo-Roman remains were being excavated in his neighborhood, and formed a committee to coördinate digging activities, with Pincus Rizack, Assistant to the Chief Engineer of the President of the Borough of Manhattan, in charge of setting up a master chart of street openings, current and contemplated, about town. From now on, notice of impending excavations will be sent out to habitual street diggers, and it is hoped that they will gather themselves and pounce in unison, instead of independently, one after another. The most spectacular cuts under way at present are those of the Bureau of Transportation, which is lengthening I.R.T. subway platforms on the West Side, between 103rd Street and Dyckman, and on the Lexington Avenue-Fourth Avenue line, between Thirty-third Street and Worth. Con. Ed. has almost completed a tie-in electric-transmission line connecting its Hell Gate generating station and its generating station on First Avenue between Thirty-eighth Street and Forty-first, and it has laid new electrical conduits from First to Ninth Avenues, along Thirty-fourth Street.

Steam-driven turbines are taking the place of electric motors, here and there, to power air-conditioning systems, and this means a certain number of street diggings and the running of new steampipes into various buildings. Among the users of steam turbines are Tiffany, Lord & Taylor, the Metropolitan Life, and Best.

Our man listed all the permits issued in the last twelve months for a sample midtown block—Fifty-first Street, between Fifth and Sixth—and his figures show that Mr. Rogers didn't appoint his committee a moment too soon. Total number of permits: seventeen. Reasons for ripping up street, in order: turn off water, install telephone service, turn off gas, build sidewalk, fill in depression in street, turn on electricity, fill in depression, install steam service, install telephone service, turn off water, bring manhole casting up to grade, turn off gas, repair sewer, install telephone service, raise ducts for electric conduits, repair leak in steampipe, and construct a passageway under Fifty-first Street connecting the new Esso Building with Radio City. On the average, the excavations were undertaken three weeks apart, or at just the proper intervals to keep the whole neighborhood in a state of unrest.

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WEST COAST INTELLIGENCE: Several Los Angeles drugstores are running advertisements of Scalp-Eez, Inc., whose slogan is "Grow Hair in the Privacy of Your Own Home."

On the front of a house on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, is a neon sign bearing the single, arresting word "Psychiatrist."

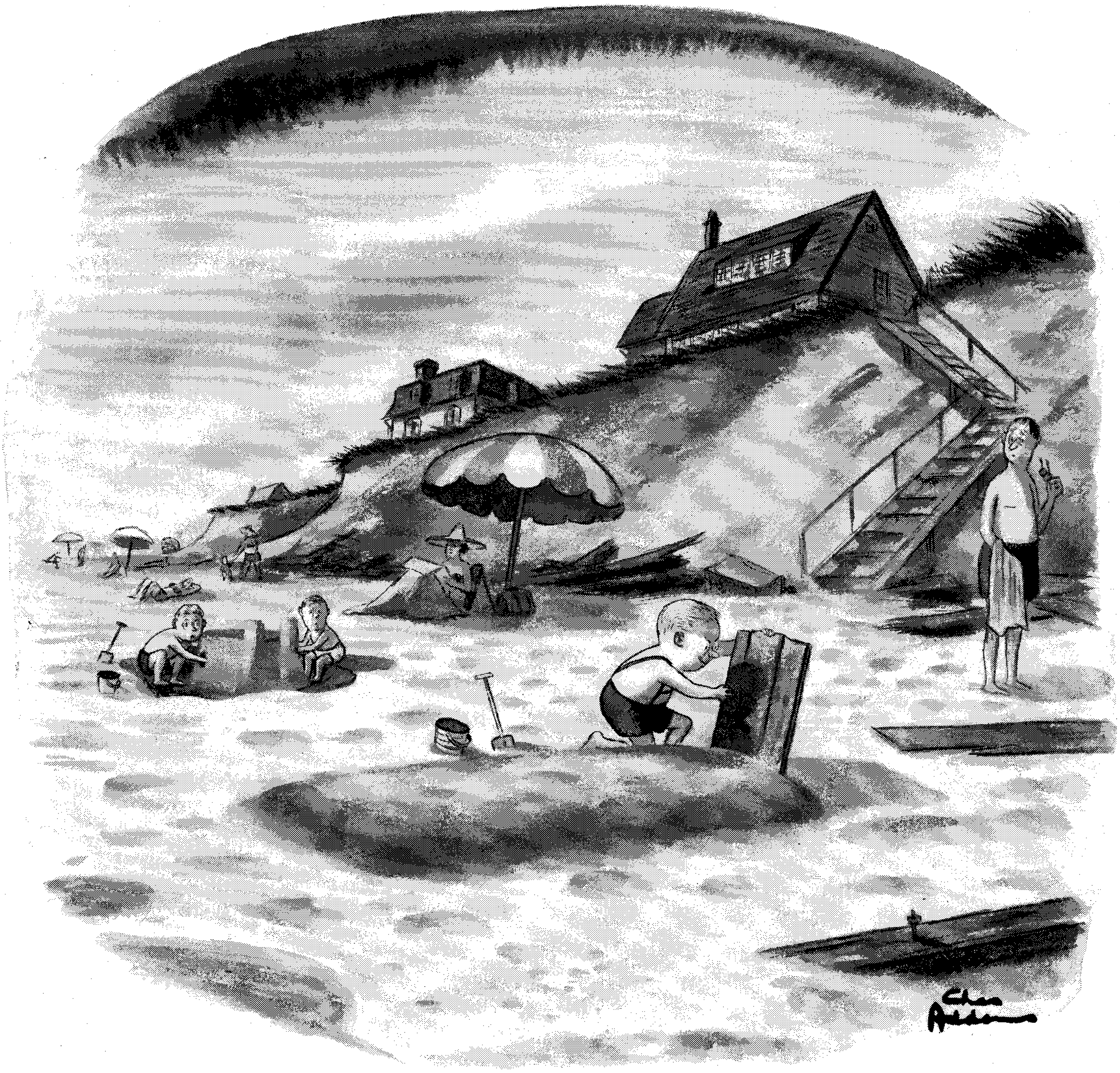
A bulletin board in front of a boarding house in Berkeley displays the following notice:

THE ULTIMATE IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE
Friday noon lunch

Rubber Worms

THE Gus Walz tackle-and-bait shop, on Third Avenue below Fourteenth Street, is back, practically, on a prewar basis, we found during a call there. Howard Walz, who has succeeded his father as proprietor, has an ample assortment of fresh sandworms and bloodworms, some of them ten inches long, and several Mason jars of rubber sandworms, all of them ten inches long and extraordinarily lifelike. Real sandworms are forked up at low tide on sand bars off Staten Island, several Maine ports, and Boston. They are good for catching weakfish, blackfish, porgies, flounders, and eels. Bloodworms, captured in the same places, are splendid bait for flounders, kingfish, and striped bass. Rubber worms are used for practical jokes—one of them would probably scare Herbert Hoover clear out of the state—and for casting into rip tides, which keep them in simulated motion, a kind of practical joke. Some fishermen, with an eye to economy-*cum*-truth, use rubber worms on the shanks of their hooks and put sections of real worms on the tips. Other, non-rubber Walz specialties are night crawlers, hellgrammites, crawfish, small green crabs, shedder crabs, dried grasshoppers, and Indian stickworms, some of which are seasonal and others of which are in stock when they happen to be obtainable. The stickworm is a grub normally resident in wood and is much favored by trout. Live worms run to fifty or sixty cents a dozen; rubber ones are fifty cents apiece; shedder crabs, so called because they are about to shed their shells, are three dollars a dozen. The crabs are shipped up from Maryland in August, the about-to-shed season. Fishermen finish the removal of the shells and cut the crabs into four sections. The pieces are so soft they slip off a hook unless something is done, and they are usually tied on with silk thread. Useful for catching almost any salt-water fish smaller than tuna or sharks.

Most of the sandworms and bloodworms are flown from Maine in refrigerated boxes. Gus Walz, who started the shop in 1898 and now, having retired, spends most of his time playing shuffleboard in Brooklyn, used to get his night crawlers in Central Park, but the Parks Department has taken to spraying something on the ground that either kills them or keeps them from coming out, and Howard Walz has to send to Harrisburg for them. The bait business is affected by postwar conditions. For instance, boys formerly considered it profitable to catch crawfish in the Bronx River for the Walz shop, but these days they don't think it's worth bothering about. We asked about celebrated customers and Mr. Walz mentioned Sammy Fuchs, proprietor of the Bowery Follies; Victor Moore; Ivan the Great, a professional strong man theretofore unknown to us; and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The late President began buying tackle at Walz's about the end of his first term, Gus Gennerich, his bodyguard, representing him in the transactions. "At the time of the dedication of the Triborough Bridge," Mr. Walz recalled, "Gus asked me to get a five-hundred-yard trolling line. I went to the Mott Haven yards, where the President's train was waiting, and I was standing right beside the ramp when he went up into his car. I could have touched him, but I didn't. I handed the line to Gus. I think they were going on a cruise off Nova Scotia, for tuna." Checks for Roosevelt purchases were always signed by Miss Le Hand. The President was the only charge customer Walz's has ever had. Everyone else is cash-and-carry, and that includes a number of wigmakers, who



buy synthetic gut from the store for curls; oddity-shop owners, who come in for swivels, which they use for necklaces; and a dancer, who gets some bamboo every now and then to make costume wings with.

Mr. Walz himself is a Sunday Montauk surf-caster. Equipped with sandworms, bloodworms, and a few cans of spaghetti and bottles of beer, he and a couple of friends regularly board the Fishermen's Special at Penn Station and pass the Sabbath convivially. He showed us one of his air-transported sandworms, mixed up with some fernlike grass in a wooden box. "You can tell it's a sandworm by the leafy grass," he said. "A bloodworm would be in eelgrass. Eelgrass is flat." He pulled the worm out and poked at it. It struck at him and he dropped it in a hurry. "It has two tweezers that bite you," he said.

Reduced Hazard

ONE of the few construction projects this spring was the remodelling of a building on Fifty-seventh Street, near Park, into a dress shop. The contractor's hoarding that protected the work during its progress carried the name of the firm that was to occupy the premises, together with a shield, below which was the usual heraldic ribbon, and this bore the motto "*Les plus chic au monde.*" The legend attracted considerable interest among scholars of French and heraldry, who marked down possible additions and rewordings. The hoarding is gone now, the store is open for business, and the shield and ribbon, cast in enduring bronze, are embedded above the entrance. Inspection of the ribbon reveals that the motto has been somewhat edited by the management. It now reads, "Clothes that dreams are made of."

Baby Box

DR. BURRHUS FREDERIC SKINNER, chairman of the Department of Psychology at the University of Indiana and author of a distinguished work entitled "The Behavior of Organisms," is giving an advanced course on verbal behavior at Columbia this summer, and we went up and paid him a visit one afternoon last week—less, we admit, because of his position in the academic world than because we'd heard from a philoprogenitive friend of ours, the prematurely gray father of five, that Skinner is the inventor of a mechanical baby tender, counted on to revolutionize the rearing of children and enormously diminish parental strain.

We found Professor Skinner to be a slender, curly-haired man in his early forties. He was wearing an open shirt and tweed pants shot through with brown, gray, red, and black, and was benignly eying a pigeon on the window sill of his office in Schermerhorn Extension. "They're just as smart as dogs," he told us. "I use them all the time in my experiments. People think they're stupid, because they prefer not to knuckle under to man, as dogs do. The very day I arrived at the University of Indiana, a pigeon flew in through my office window and landed on my desk. I made friends with him and in a few months had him playing the piano as nice as you please."

We swung the conversation from pigeons to verbal behavior, inquiring boldly what the phrase meant. "It's what goes on when you talk, write, read, or listen," Skinner said. "Covers a lot of ground. Sometimes I spill over into literature. I gave a course at Minnesota a few years ago on the psychology of literature. We discussed such matters as why the poet says, 'Tell me not, in mournful numbers,' when nobody has volunteered to tell him anything, or 'Come, worthy Greek,' when if the Greek were to show up, the poet would drop dead of surprise. I got into quite a fight over Shakespeare a while back—claimed he didn't use any more alliteration than resulted from the laws of chance. English Ph.D.s, who've been raving about Shakespeare's use of alliteration for generations, refused to believe it. Finally, I had one of my students put a lot of anagram letters into a barrel, spin the barrel, draw out a letter, set it down as the first letter of a syllable of a word in a supposed sonnet, spin the barrel again, draw out another letter, and so on. After setting down enough first letters of syllables to equal a thousand sonnets, we found that the amount of alliteration we got was practically identical with the amount Shakespeare used in his sonnets."

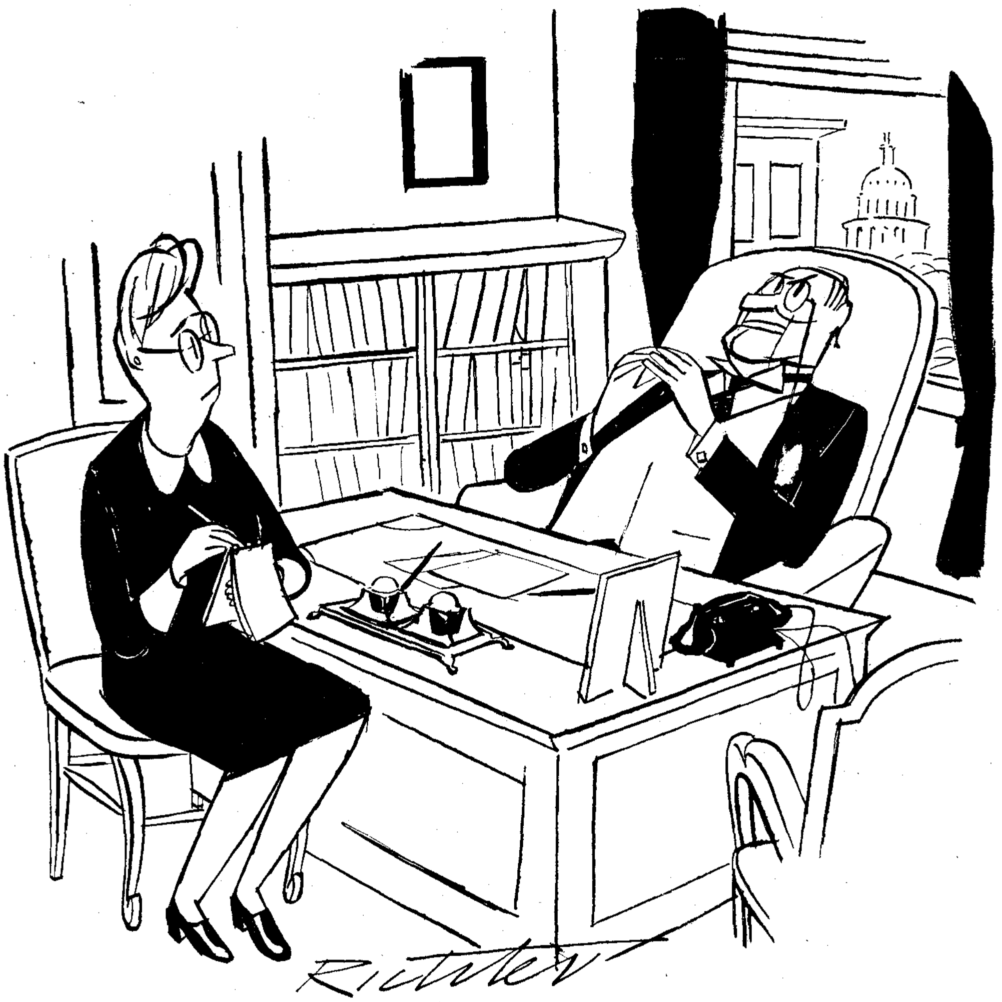
Skinner confessed, rather uneasily, that he'd put some of his theories into practice by writing a novel, which will be published next spring. His confidence returned when he started talking about his mechanical baby tender. "I devised it for our second child," he said. "My wife and I were dissatisfied with the conventional methods we'd used on our first child. It's obvious that wrapping a baby in clothes and blankets is a primitive, clumsy, and sometimes dangerous method of keeping it warm. A baby needs absolute freedom from clothes, an equable temperature, and quiet. I built a box about four feet long, twenty-nine inches wide, and six feet high, of sound-absorbing insulating board, with a large, sliding window of safety glass in front. In it, I installed a thermostatically controlled chick-brooder heater, a humidifier, an air filter, and a bell attached to a dry-cell battery, which would ring if the temperature varied two degrees from the thermostat setting. The minute our baby came home from the hospital, we took off her things and put her in the box. She spent most of the next two years and seven months there, naked and happy."

The Skinners found that during the first few weeks the baby was happiest with the temperature at about eighty-six degrees. Later, they found eighty to be more agreeable. They also discovered that if the baby started to cry, she would stop when the temperature was lowered a degree or two, that she never got colds even when everyone else in the house had one, and that when she was taken out of the box to be fed or played with, she showed no signs of agoraphobia. For that matter, she showed no signs of claustrophobia when *in* the box. The box proved so successful, all around, that the Skinners felt guilty at not having to fuss more over the baby. About forty other boxes have been built, by friends of the Skinners, who report excellent results. Skinner has given advice and assistance to a company that is going to bring out a commercial model of the box; it will probably be on the market late this year, selling for something over two hundred dollars, which is a good deal cheaper than the cost of a crib, blankets, sheets, baby clothes, and so on. As might be expected, Lewis & Conger are interested.

GLASS
Alain

Clincher

OUR midtown operative overheard a couple of very young ladies on Forty-second Street discussing the relative merits of town and country living. "*I* like the country," one of them said, "because when a plane buzzes your house, you know it's for you."



"'. . . and more generous compensation for those who sit in the Congress of this great nation would beyond doubt encourage a higher type of man to seek public office'—um—just a moment, Miss Wilton. Let's see if we can't phrase that another way."

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Urquell

THE first postwar shipment of Pilsner beer arrived here from Czechoslovakia a few weeks ago—450 half barrels (7,087 gallons) and 26,400 bottles (2,475 gallons). It was snapped up by Luchow's, Jaeger's, the Blue Ribbon, the Sokol Hall, and a few other old-fashioned German or Czech restaurants, which are hoping this allotment will last until the middle of August, when six hundred more barrels are expected. Regular shipments of Pilsner will get under way thereafter, and importation may equal or surpass the total of 7,000 barrels and 145,000 cases that were shipped over annually before the war.

We were invited to attend a Pilsner-tasting party at Luchow's last week, and of course we turned up, commendably prompt and thirsty. We were taken in hand by Henry Schwanda, a director of the Pilsner Urquell Importing Company, who made no attempt to conceal the facts that Pilsner has been brewed for a thousand years now, that in 1842 two hundred and fifty brewing families got together and formed the coöperative brewery that still produces it, that European doctors recommend it for stomach trouble, and that its peculiar properties are authoritatively attributed to the water used in brewing it, which comes from artesian wells two hundred and fifty feet deep, and to the fine Saaz hops, which grow nearby. He told us, further, that the brewery was bombed a few months before the end of the war by American planes, which apparently mistook it for the Skoda munitions works, and that production was long hampered and is still only seventy-five per cent of what it was in prewar days.

Schwanda led us reverently to a keg in an upstairs dining room, asked us to admire the dexterity with which a Luchow bartender assigned to the task drew us a glass of precious Pilsner, and seated us at a table with Wallace Harrison, director of planning for the United Nations headquarters; Antonin Raymond and Ladislav Rado, architects of Czechoslovakian birth; and Josef Havlíček, also a Czechoslovakian architect, who is here from Prague to serve as an official consultant to Mr. Harrison. What occult bond exists between Pilsner and architecture, or between Pilsner and the United Nations, we never learned, because, as we sat down, Mr. Raymond took a deep draft from his glass, sighed, and remarked that it was nice to have a real beer again. "American beer is a good drink," he said, "but it isn't beer. It should have another name."

"Reeb," Mr. Harrison suggested, quick as a flash.

"Pilsner must be drunk in a Pilsner glass, a thin glass," Mr. Raymond said, ignoring Mr. Harrison's capital suggestion. "A mug ruins the flavor. And it must have a head on it."

"Absolutely," said Mr. Rado. "And the keg must be kept absolutely still for one week before serving. Absolutely."

"What I taste is memory," Mr. Raymond said.

"They say this is Pilsner beer," Mr. Havlíček said, rousing himself. "Ha! The best beer in Czechoslovakia is a stout made in the cellar of a monastery outside Prague. *That* is a drink."

"In the old days," Mr. Raymond said, "you could get a glass of Pilsner like this in any bar on the East Side for ten cents. Now it is thirty cents. And fifty cents a bottle! But who would drink bottled beer? Pasteurization would ruin any beer, even good Pilsner."

"Ha!" said Mr. Havlíček. "Any beer is good to the man who is thirsty. Why else would he drink it?"

Conservative

FELLOW called on an old Navy pal at the local offices of the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service the other day to pick him up for lunch. Just beyond the entrance, he was stopped by a firm young lady at a desk, who inquired whom he wished to see, and why. He gave her his friend's name and said he was expected, and she filled out a pass and handed it to him. Examining it on his way to his friend's office, he found that in the space opposite "Reason for Bearer Entering Building" she had set down, "Alleges appointment."

INTERIOR WITH FIGURES

NED parked his motorcycle in the garage, between the Buick and the Ford. The presence of the Buick indicated that his father was home early. He went to his room, took off his work clothes and laid them in a corner of the bathroom, took a bath, and dressed—that is, he put on his flannel slacks and a shirt and loafers, without socks.

In the living room, his father was listening to an old record, Fletcher Henderson's "Farewell Blues." When it was finished, Edwin Senior delicately replaced it in an album. "Good, huh?" he said.

"Swell," said Ned.

"How goes it at the airport?" said Edwin.

"Be finished up in another two weeks, they said today."

"Hey, then you'd better start looking for another job, hmm?"

"Oh, I've started already," said Ned.

His father went to the portable bar. "Do you want a cocktail?"

"Sure," said Ned.

"O.K. Go on up and get dressed, and I'll have one ready by the time you're back."

"I *am* dressed," said Ned.

"For what?"

"For dinner."

"Like hell you *are*," said Edwin. "Go on upstairs and put on a coat and tie, and what about socks?"

"Mom said I didn't have to wear a tie in this hot weather."

"She did? Well, *Pop* says you wear a coat. *I* wear a coat, so will you. When did she say you didn't have to wear a tie?"

"Last night. Why? Don't you believe me?"

"It's not a question of not believing you. I didn't hear her say it, that's all."

"You weren't home for dinner last night."

"I know that," said Edwin. He held the vermouth in his hand. "Well?"

"Well?" said Ned.

"Aren't you going to get a coat?"

"Look, Father, why don't you relax? You'd be more comfortable if you didn't wear a coat and tie. If I have permission, I guess you have, too."

"Well, I must say you have your crust. Permission! It isn't a question of permission. It's a question of respect. I wear a tie and a coat out of respect for your mother. And your sister. I'd be more comfortable in my undershirt—"

"No, you wouldn't. There's always a fly buzzing around in the dining room. It's more comfortable to wear a regular shirt like this. But not a tie or a coat. Why don't you try it?"

"Look, don't think I can't pick you up and *carry* you upstairs," said Edwin.

Ned waited a moment before speaking; then he got up and started to leave the room. "Maybe you can, but there'd be a hell of a racket."

Edwin also waited a moment. "Oh, all right. Sit down."

"Thanks," said Ned.

Edwin proceeded with the mixing of the cocktails. "But don't get any ideas about who's head man around here."

"You pay the bills, you're head man," said Ned.

"Here," said his father, handing him a cocktail. "Is that the only reason I'm head man? Because I pay the bills?"

"Well, it's reason enough, isn't it?"

Edwin considered a moment. "It's, I suppose, an adequate reason. Yes, that's exactly the right word. It's an adequate reason. A *fiscal* reason."

"Are you trying to get sentimental?"

"What if I am?" said Edwin. "It's a hell of a thing to be told that the only reason you get any respect is because you pay the bills."

"I didn't say it was the only reason," said Ned. He tossed off his cocktail. "Do you mind if I say something?"

"Go right ahead. The floor's yours."

"Well, it's pretty personal," said Ned. "Could I have another cocktail?"

"Help yourself," said Edwin. "Why don't you wait till you're good and stiff and then really let me have it."

"I don't get stiff during the week. That sun's too tough when you have a hangover."

"It's too bad you didn't think of that when you were at New Haven."

"That doesn't even make sense. I wasn't fired for drinking." He hesitated before refilling his glass, but went ahead with it.

"No, but it probably helped," said Edwin.

Ned sat down. "What I was going to say fits in with that last crack of yours." He held his glass before him, took a sip, and resumed. "You know, for a man with so many young ideas—no, that isn't the way I want to say it. You know, I go around to the houses of the fellows I know, and girls, too, and their fathers all seem a lot older than you. They don't seem to have any young ideas. By that I mean, take you, for instance, tonight. When I came in here, in this very room, you were playing a record—a jazz record—and enjoying yourself listening to it. Matter of fact, you get more pleasure out of that than I do, and yet you're my father and I'm the so-called younger generation. You know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, what I mean is you have a lot of young ideas. You're about the only one of my friends' fathers that plays tennis. The others either play golf or don't play anything."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, you still like victrola records and tennis, and another thing I noticed, you like an open car and all the other fathers have sedans. In fact, you even *look* younger."

"Well, thanks. This is all very complimentary," said Edwin.

"Yeah, but wait a minute. I haven't finished."

"Oh, I knew that all right," said Edwin.

"All that stuff I told you, that's why for a man with young ideas how can you suddenly change from black to white?" He took another sip of his cocktail. "Like wanting me to practically put on a tuck for dinner, and all that stuff about respect for Mother, and getting sentimental."

"You mean stuffy."

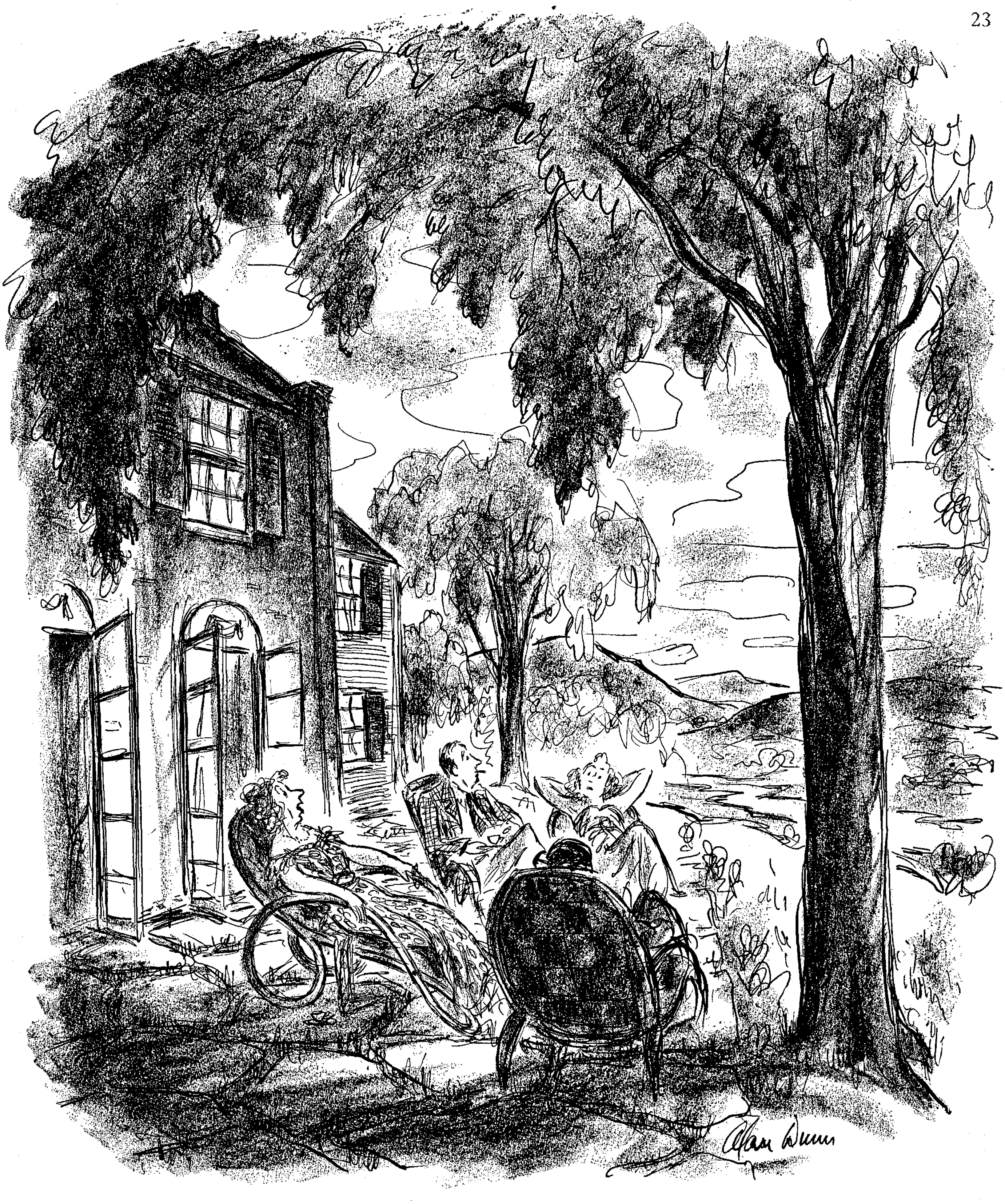
"Well—you're the one that said it. I didn't say it. Then you practically accuse me of getting fired out of Yale for drinking. I flunked out and you know it, but you twist it around as if I always went to class with a hangover. It's not only stuffy. It isn't logical. If you're gonna be young, be *young*. If you're gonna be old, be old. I don't mean you. I mean anybody."

"But, of course, it does happen to apply in my case," said Edwin.

"Well—I just hate to see you getting stuffy. And you're the one that said that word."

"I know. That is, I was the *first* to say it. It came in pretty handy for you just then."

"Respect?" Ned went on. "Respect is earned. My mother earned my respect by a lifetime of being a good wife



"Oh, dear, I'd really be enjoying all this if it weren't for Russia."

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and mother. Therefore I respect her. But I don't have to show my respect by wearing socks to the dinner table. I show it in other ways. By listening to her point of view when I know she's absolutely wrong. By—little things. By consulting her with minor problems that I know she'd like to be consulted on. By—well, little things here and there. That's what I mean by respect."

"And very good, too," said Edwin. "Well, since we're being frank, it all boils down to my being a stuffy, middle-aged character with some of the appearances of young ideas."

"No, but, for instance, the cracks you made when President Roosevelt died—"

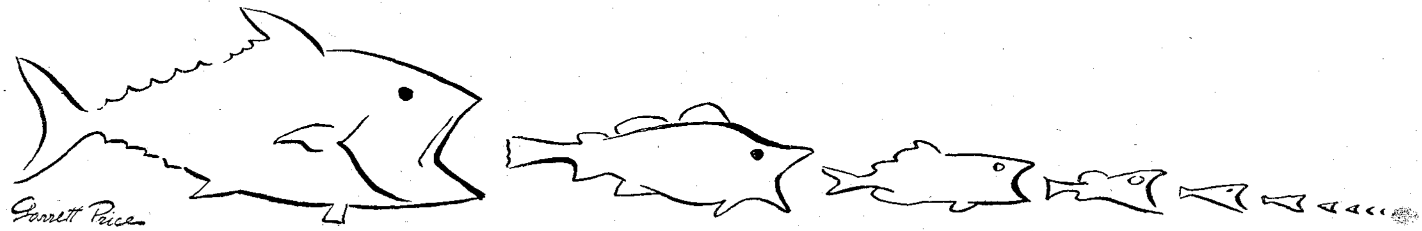
"Oh, for Christ's sake, Ned. Two years *ago*."

"All right. I'm sorry," Ned said. "And I'm finished."

"Are you sure? I can take quite a lot more."

"No, that's all," said Ned. "But it's pretty important."

"Oh, I realize that. I'll think it over,



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and I might even make some changes, and thanks."

"Thank *you*. You took it the way I hoped you would," said Ned.

Edwin poured himself another cocktail. "Speaking of changes, this might be the appropriate moment to play the Whiteman record of the same name. Or would it?"

Ned laughed, and his father got out the record and put it on the phonograph.

"It's too bad you don't get as much out of these records as I do," said Edwin.

"Oh, well, *you* don't like *chess*," said his son.

Nellie, the maid, brought in the afternoon papers and handed them to Edwin. He did not immediately open them. While the music was playing, Ned's mother entered the room. "Hello, boys," she said.

"Ma," said Ned. Edwin bobbed his head.

She took the papers out of Edwin's hand and began to read. When the record was finished, she tossed one of the papers to Edwin. "I see where Mr. Donohue died."

"Yes," said Edwin, reading.

"Mr. Donohue?" said Ned.

"That Irish slob that lives out at the club," said Edwin. He looked up from his paper. "Well, won't *he* be missed! Walking up and down the club porch, trying to eavesdrop on everybody's conversation, and standing out there on the first tee, bothering the golfers, then down at the pool, watching the girls in their bathing suits, then to the bar, trying to horn in on more conversations. But at least that's where he belonged—in the bar. Behind it. He didn't even have the guts to be a bootlegger. He put up the money to start out other bootleggers in this town. Remind me to go to *his* funeral."

"What did you have against him, Father?" said Ned.

"He was just a horrible man," said his mother.

"Oh," said Ned.

"I never said two words to him," said Edwin. "It was what he represented. He wasn't fit to associate with decent people, and, believe me, if I'd been a little older, he never would have got in the club. It's funny you didn't know him. He was *always* around the pool and the bar, *always* trying to horn in."

"Oh, I knew him. He used to buy cokes and drinks for us," said Ned.

"Now, I never knew *that*," said Edwin. "You took drinks from him?"

"Sure. Everybody did. I could tell you two of my friends that owe him money right this minute," said Ned.

"You can? Who?" said his mother.

"Well, that's confidential, Ma. All the guys knew, if they got in a jam, Mr. Donohue was good for a bite. He told one of the guys last Christmas, he said he didn't have any son of his own, and if any of the guys ever got in a jam where he didn't want to notify his family, why, just ask *him*. And one fellow did get into a certain kind of a jam and Mr. Donohue lent him three hundred dollars, and one other boy borrowed a hundred from him just to take his girl to a certain prom."

"Well, I'll be a son of a bitch," said Edwin. "Did *you* ever put the bite on him?"

"Not for money."

"What for, then, may I ask?"

"Well, he wired a friend of his in New York and got me hotel reservations. It was a big favor. We all liked him in our crowd."

"Well, by God," said Edwin. He addressed his wife. "You remember he was supposed to have bribed his way into the club. You remember what your father said at the time. But I didn't realize it extended to the kids. He really *was* all over the place, wasn't he?"

"Awful," she said.

"But he didn't do anything to you, either one of you, so I don't see what you have against him," said Ned.

"Then apparently you haven't been paying any attention to what I've been saying," said Edwin.

"Yes, I have, but apparently you didn't pay much attention to what *I* said. I mean before we started talking about Mr. Donohue."

Edwin looked at his son, then spoke to his wife. "Our son and heir thinks his father is a stuffed shirt."

"Oh, Edwin, he doesn't," she said.

"Oh, yes, he does. He explained in detail why he thinks so, just before you came down. Didn't you, Ned?"

"Ned, if you said anything like that to Father, I want you to apologize."

"Good God! Apologize? No, I won't apologize," Ned said. "I didn't say anything that wasn't true." He stood up. "I don't want any dinner."

"Ned! No dinner?" said his mother.

"Sit down, you fathead!" said Edwin.

"No, *thank* you. I'm not dressed right," said Ned. He went out of the room.

"What started all this?" his mother asked.

"Let's forget about it," said Edwin.

Frannie, the daughter, came into the living room. "Hi," she said, going straight to the phonograph and putting on a record. "Is it that I may have a slight libation?" she said.

"One," said her mother.

Frannie poured a cocktail, and they heard the spitting and barking of Ned's motorcycle. "Where, may I ask, is that one off to?" she said. She did not wait for an answer. She pointed to the phonograph. "Well, Father? Can't you guess?"

"I don't know," said Edwin.

"Not possibly!" she said. "It's Harry James."

"I was going to say Harry James," he said.

"Yes, but you didn't. You're slipping," said Frannie. She made a face at the cocktail. "Watery, and not even cold."

"Then put it right down and don't drink it," said her mother.

"I'll put it right down *and* drink it, in the same action," said Frannie.

"This family's getting awfully smart," said Edwin.

"Dinner is served, Ma'am," said Nellie. —John O'Hara

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For Sale—Lawnmower, razor strap, fish worms, rocking chair and peonies. Phone 2335-J.—*Muscatine (Iowa) Journal.*

Just what we've been looking for!

THE BUREAUCRAT

ONE bleak December day during the first World War, my mother sent me to get the family's bread-ration cards at the *Bezirkshauptmannschaft*, the office of the Austrian District Commissioner, in my home town in what is now Czechoslovakia. I was ten years old, and this was my first contact with the *Behörden*—the Authorities—about whom the grownups used to talk in frightened voices.

With considerable apprehension, I climbed two flights of creaking stairs, made my way past innumerable doors, studying the complicated signs, and finally wound up in a grimly overheated office, where I joined a long line of citizens.

Behind a waist-high barrier, I saw a gruff, misanthropic civil servant enthroned in a chair at a high desk. His detachable cuffs stood near the inkwell, and he wore sleeve-protectors of black cloth that extended up over his elbows. He was a drab little man, not at all what I had imagined he would be, but the people in line spoke to him in lowered voices, bowing their heads as if he were the Emperor himself. He never looked at them while he listened to their requests.

When my turn came, he gave me a complicated form and ordered me to fill it out in triplicate. A few questions baffled me—I didn't know the last two addresses of my deceased grandparents or the age of Marie, our elderly cook. I explained to the official that Marie guarded the secret of her age more jealously than the recipe of her famous cheese dumplings. A few people behind me giggled. The official knocked his knuckles on his desk and said severely, "You go home and tell your mother to come here right away. One doesn't send stupid youngsters to the *Behörden*."

The people continued to giggle, in an effort to ingratiate themselves with the official. My ears burned and I was so ashamed that I was afraid I would burst into tears. I stumbled past the waiting line and ran down the stairs as fast as I could. I swore to myself that I would leave Austria and its *Behörden* at the first opportunity and escape to America, where nobody would call me a stupid youngster and bureaucrats could be thrown to the lions, like the Christians in "Quo Vadis," which I was then reading.

AFTER my graduation from law school, I went to work for a Prague law firm that specialized in citizenship cases. Many of our clients had lived in border regions before the war and had lost their original citizenships in the course of the peace settlements. Now they were applying for Czechoslovak citizenship. First, they were investigated at great length, and then their applications were sent to the Ministry of the Interior in folders swollen with documents. These included questionnaires and birth certificates, reports of city councils, the police, and special investigators, and endorsements by clubs, chambers of commerce, and influential individuals. It was part of my job to persuade the officials at the Ministry to dig out our clients' files from stacks of folders labelled "Interim" and put them on top of stacks labelled "Urgent."

Visits made by lawyers for this purpose were known in the Ministry as "interventions by interested parties" and were permitted only on Tuesdays and Wednesdays from ten to one. It was always difficult and sometimes impossible to locate the files I was looking for. Often it would take me two hours to find one, and since I was likely to have as many as ten cases on my hands at one time, I never caught up with my work.

My ordeal would start at the *podatelna*—the reception files—where unfriendly underlings were hanging around drinking beer, discussing football matches, griping about taxes, the Jews, or the government, massaging their chilblained feet, and ignoring all queries not accompanied by cigars or money. When, eventually, I got one of

R DEN
SO-LIGHT
MAGNESIUM
GARDEN GEM
P Barlow

"*Just try this with any ordinary wheelbarrow.*"

them to pay attention to me, he would look up the record of the file I wanted in one of the big, old leather ledgers, full of cabalistic symbols and cross references. Finally he would write down, usually on a shred of newspaper, the name of the councillor supposedly handling the case. I would then go off to find that official, knowing already that he would fiercely disclaim any knowledge of the file and would send me on to a colleague.

The lower-ranking councillors had their offices on the street level. Their rooms were never aired, for there was a belief among the councillors that fresh air caused heart attacks and pneumonia. The windows had bars, presumably as a protection against burglars, but it was rumored that they were really there to keep the officials from escaping. Many of them were disappointed little men who had been unable to afford the education necessary for promotion or had failed in private jobs. They knew exactly how much money they were going to make in the next month and in the next five years, and what their retirement pay would be. They had a saying, "A civil servant makes no money, but at least he has that for sure." All there was to alleviate their bitterness was a little power over other citizens, exercised in the name of the Republic.

I would wander desolately from one councillor's office to another in quest of files. For the most part, the councillors would ignore me, but once in a while I would manage to get one of the files sent up to the second floor for examination by the higher-ranking councillors who, at least theoretically, would take action. It was always a red-letter day when one of my files finally reached the office of the section chief in charge of all citizenship cases.

I SHALL call the section chief Dr. Karel Doubek. He was in the third rank of government officials, with only cabinet ministers and the prime minister above him. Consequently, he was surrounded by all the awe-inspiring trimmings of an exalted civil servant. His office had a tiny vestibule, the inner door of which was upholstered. In contrast to lesser officials, he had two inkwells on his desk instead of one, a Persian rug instead of a piece of linoleum, and a water carafe and two glasses. (Ordinary councillors had only one glass and no carafe, and had to get water from the faucet in the corridor.) Doubek also had a large Biedermeier table, a black leather couch, and two leather chairs. When he was in a jovial mood, which was rare, he would invite me to sit down, but the majestic sweep of his hand was a meaningless gesture, since both chairs and the couch were already completely occupied by stacks of folders, all waiting for his decision.

Doubek was a dehydrated, wiry man with a bobbing Adam's apple, plenty of hair on his hands, and little on his head. His face had taken on the color of his folders. He always wore stiff collars and black suits, even during the hot summer months, and his pince-nez and short beard were exactly like those of President Masaryk, whose picture hung on the wall directly behind his desk, next to his law diploma. He had a sonorous voice, and he spoke in clipped, noncommittal sentences, often pausing in the middle of a phrase to convey the impression that he was meditating. He made it a point never to answer any question

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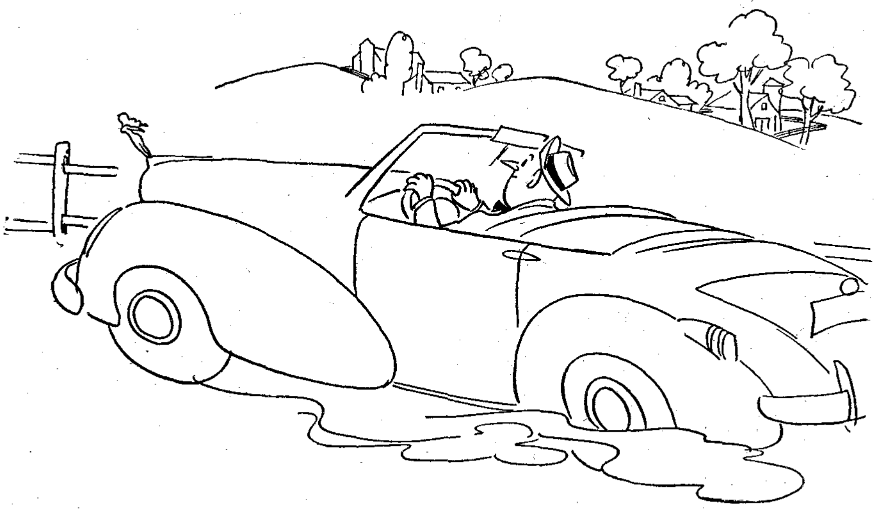

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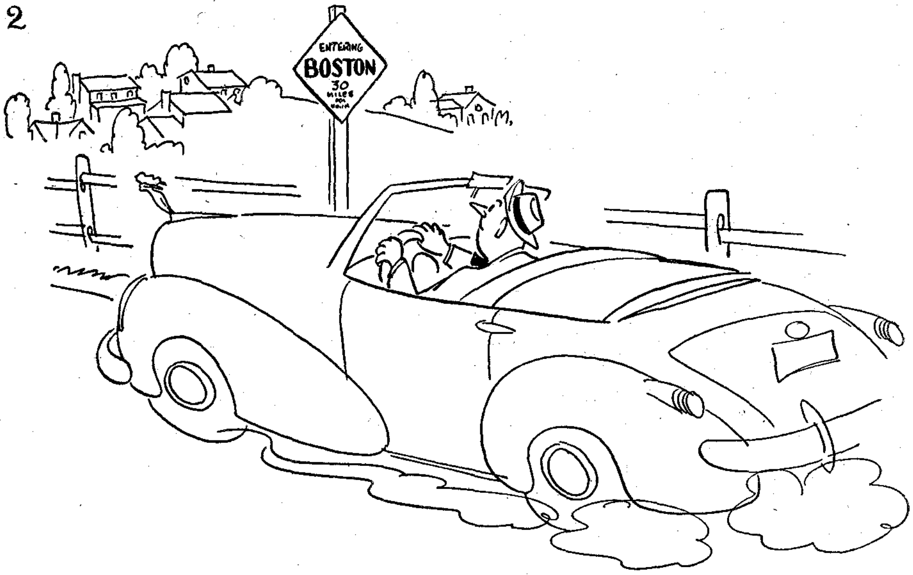

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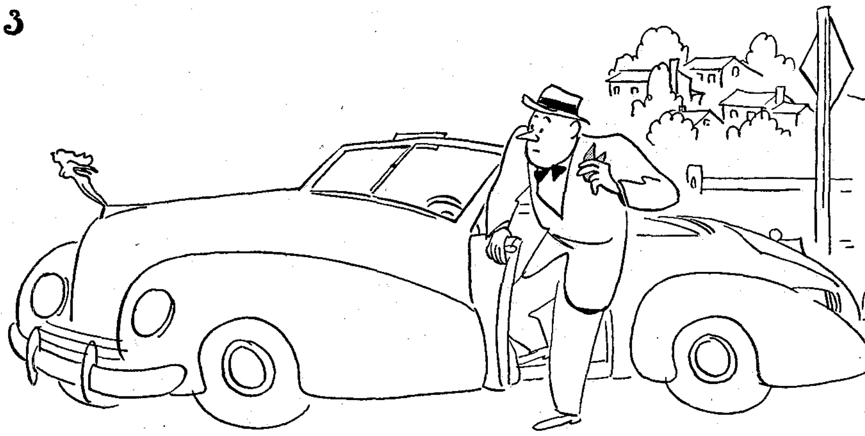

with yes or no, and when I would implore him to look over a file, pointing out that it had been sleeping in his office for years, he would put his wrists together, spread his fingers, and sigh deeply. "Can't help it; we're all alone here, and the agenda are increasing every week," he would say, always speaking in the first person plural and sprinkling his sentences with official jargon. "Instead of taking up our time, you taxpayers should herewith induce Parliament to allot us higher budget appropriations, so we could expand our personnel."

Doubek read all the morning papers, but he never commented on the political situation. He was slightly anti-Semitic during office hours, in order to please the Minister of the Interior, but at night he often drank beer with Jewish lawyers. Cabinets fell, ministers came and went, but he was always there, unperturbed by passing events.

Sometimes, Doubek would lean back in his chair and talk to me. He told me that he came from a long line of distinguished civil servants. His father had been a court councillor in the Ministry of Justice—a dignified gentleman with whiskers, according to a picture his son showed me, who faintly resembled Emperor Franz Josef. Karel and his two brothers had been educated for civil careers, and Alois, the oldest, was now an official in the Austrian Ministry of Justice. The youngest brother, however, had turned to medicine. He was a well-known surgeon in Vienna, but the family considered him a black sheep.

"Father never spoke to him again after he took up medicine," Doubek once said with bitterness. It was the only time I ever heard him express emotion. Apparently, the subject was deeply painful to him. "Father retired after forty-two years of distinguished service," he said. "He had a house in Linz, and his garden, but he missed the office hours, his colleagues, and"—Doubek made a sweeping gesture toward the stacks of folders all over the room—"the companionship of his files. Fortunately, he made friends with the librarian in charge of the Linz city archive. He often went to the archive and borrowed some old files. He used to study them at home and return them after a week, with recommendations. He discovered quite a few flagrant violations of procedure, but the librarian didn't want to pass the files on for reinvestigation."

Every summer, Dr. Doubek told me, he and Alois and their wives spent their two-week vacation at a small, inexpensive spa, where the brothers took long walks and discussed their files. In Prague, a file was called a *spis* and in Vienna an *Akt*, but red tape knows no linguistic barriers.

One day, as I went into Doubek's office, his phone rang. He said "Hallo!" gruffly, and then his face colored and he bowed deeply to the voice coming out of the receiver. "Yes, *pane ministře*," he said, bowing again. "Yes, yes, yes. I'll bring it over myself right away. Of course, *pane ministře*." It was the first time I'd ever heard him say yes. He put down the receiver and wiped his forehead. He was breathing rapidly. "Sorry, but we can't see you today," he said to me coldly. "The Minister needs us." He motioned toward the door, and I left.

The next time I called on Doubek, he was in a benignant mood, and I asked him for his decision on a certain case. He stared dreamily around the room at the files that were heaped on his desk, on the table, on the two leather chairs, on the couch, and on the floor behind his chair. Then he started to go through them, one stack after the other, casually at first but gradually becoming more and more nervous, tossing the folders aside after he had looked at the file number in the upper right-hand corner. "Can't understand it," he kept saying. "Had that folder here only yesterday. Somebody has made a mess in our absence . . ."

I talked frantically, in an effort to keep him in a good humor. I knew that if he got fed up he would throw me out. Then a miracle happened and he actually did find the file. He sat back in his chair and looked through the folder in a vague, detached way for some time. "Don't know," he said at last. "Can't promise anything."

He placed the file carefully in a pigeonhole on his desk marked "For Immediate Decision." I went away thinking the case might actually be settled soon, but it wasn't. Later, one of the minor councillors told me that once in a while Doubek took all the files from the pigeonhole marked "For Immediate Decision" and threw them back on the chairs.

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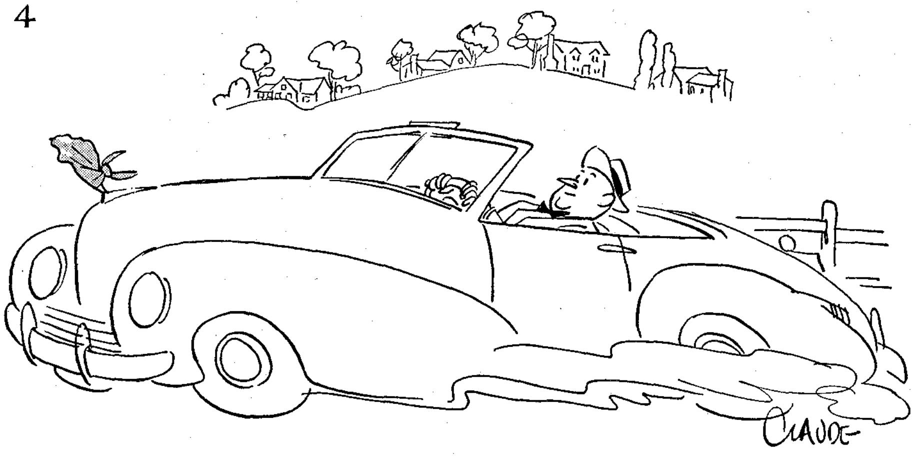

ON the day after the Germans marched into Austria, in March, 1938, I dropped in at Dr. Doubek's office to inquire about his two brothers in Vienna. I expected him to be as panicky as everyone else in Prague, but he was completely unperturbed. "There's no reason to worry about Alois," he said. "There may be a short period of changes and uncertainty, but they won't do anything to him. They can't manage without Alois."

"But," I said, "I understood he was a Schuschnigg man."

Doubek took off his glasses, closed his eyes, and rubbed the end of his nose. Since Dr. Beneš had become President, Dr. Doubek had been wearing horn-rimmed glasses, which he often took off and played with, as the President did in newsreels. "A servant of the people cannot afford the luxury of political opinions," he said. "We must keep things going."

"What about your younger brother?" I asked. I remembered having seen the surgeon's name signed to an anti-Hitler proclamation.

"He could be sitting pretty today if he had followed Father's advice and gone into the civil service," Doubek said. "Every regime needs civil servants." He straightened the pencils on his desk, indicating that he considered the subject closed.

A FEW months later, I was getting ready to leave for America, and I complained to Dr. Doubek about the maze of red tape I had to go through to get my exit documents. He seemed pleased.

"America," he said, taking off his glasses and thoughtfully rubbing his eyes. "Let's see. First, you have to have a permit from your military outfit through the Ministry of National Defense. The police will not issue a passport without this permit. Then the National Bank must issue the necessary licenses to secure steamship tickets and currency, which means you have to apply to the Export Institute, the Ministry of Commerce, and the Trade Board. All requests to be made in quadruplicate, of course."

"Of course," I said.

"If I were you," he said, "I would try to secure a letter from the Prime Minister's office, in order to ensure effective coöperation by all subordinate authorities. Unless the Ministry of Commerce concurs with the Political Section of the Prime Minister's Office and the Public Relations Department of the Foreign Ministry about the essential rating of your trip, as specified by Government Decree two-twenty—of April 5th, I believe—the National Bank will not be authorized to issue the currency license. Consequently, the steamship company . . ." He rambled on, completely happy.

I GOT to America in spite of everything and forgot all about Dr. Doubek. During the war, I served with the United States Army in Europe. Then, after the war was over and I'd spent far too many months with the occupation forces, I was back in America, waiting around Washington for my discharge. The five Army outfits I had been part of were all disclaiming my existence, and my 201 file had got lost somewhere in the E.T.O. A terse, gloomy lieutenant colonel at the Adjutant General's office expressed grave doubts that I would ever be discharged.

One afternoon I was walking across Dupont Circle when I heard somebody call my name. I turned around and saw Dr. Doubek. I knew him at once, though he had changed. He had shaved off his beard and looked younger without it; he wore a gray suit and smoked a cigarette in a long holder—the kind President Roosevelt had used.

"Dr. Doubek!" I said. "I didn't know you were in this country."

"Just *Mister* Doubek, if you please," he said. "Yes, a few years ago we wouldn't have thought it possible that we would ever be in America." Doubek and I walked along together, and he told me that his younger brother, the surgeon, had been deported to a Polish camp and was probably dead, but that Alois was still at the Ministry of Justice in Vienna.

"We never doubted that the new government would need him as much as the old one had," Doubek said. "They just couldn't do without Alois at the Ministry of Justice."

Doubek and his wife had left Prague shortly after the Germans had occupied the city. "It wasn't easy to get the necessary documents," he said. "Fortunately, we had connections in most governmental offices."

I was wondering why Doubek, who I knew had no political convictions, hadn't just stayed where he was, like Alois.

"What else could we do?" he said, as if he'd guessed my thoughts. "The Germans moved into the Ministry of the Interior and abolished our section, on the ground that there was no such thing as Czechoslovak citizenship. They transferred us to the section for Economic Statistics. Imagine! After twenty-one years of service in the Citizenship Section! There's gratitude for you."

We had arrived at the entrance of a large government building, and Doubek asked me to come in with him. While we rode up in an elevator, he told me that things had been rather grim when he came to this country, and that he had had to work hard to improve his English. Later, fortunately, he'd managed to make connections in Washington. During the war, he had worked for various agencies. I think he mentioned the Office of Censorship, the Alien Property Custodian, and the O.W.I.

"Since May, we're an American citizen," he said. "We've passed the civil-service examinations and have a new job here." He opened a door and we went into a spacious office. It was furnished with a large desk, a dark leather couch, two leather chairs, a table, and a Persian rug. On the desk were two inkwells, a carafe of water, and two glasses. The table, the couch, the chairs, and part of the floor were covered with stacks of folders. On the wall hung Doubek's law diploma, his certificate of naturalization, and a picture of President Truman.

"Sit down, sit down," Doubek said jovially, making a sweeping gesture toward the chairs. "Just let us glance over these interoffice communications."

He picked up a handful of light-blue, dark-gray, white, and yellow papers. "Great country, America," he said. "And Washington! Ah!"

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

SONG

This is the song of those who live alone,
who, when the boat has sailed, the plane has flown,
the train is gone,
turning from an open space to a closed one,
are confronted by other visitors—
promiscuous affection, impotent devotion.

Too little and too late! Too much and much too soon.
When the heart has lost its wisdom,
how shall it be educated?
How, living in a room of more than ordinary view,
can the view be delimited
or the room contain two—
not one and a multitude?

Watchers from behind curtained windows,
receivers of a monthly letter,
lingerers under the arches of bridges,
driftwood and fine-editions collectors,
artists, all of you, in all save living,
pariahs and saints—this song is for you.

—WILLIAM JUSTEMA

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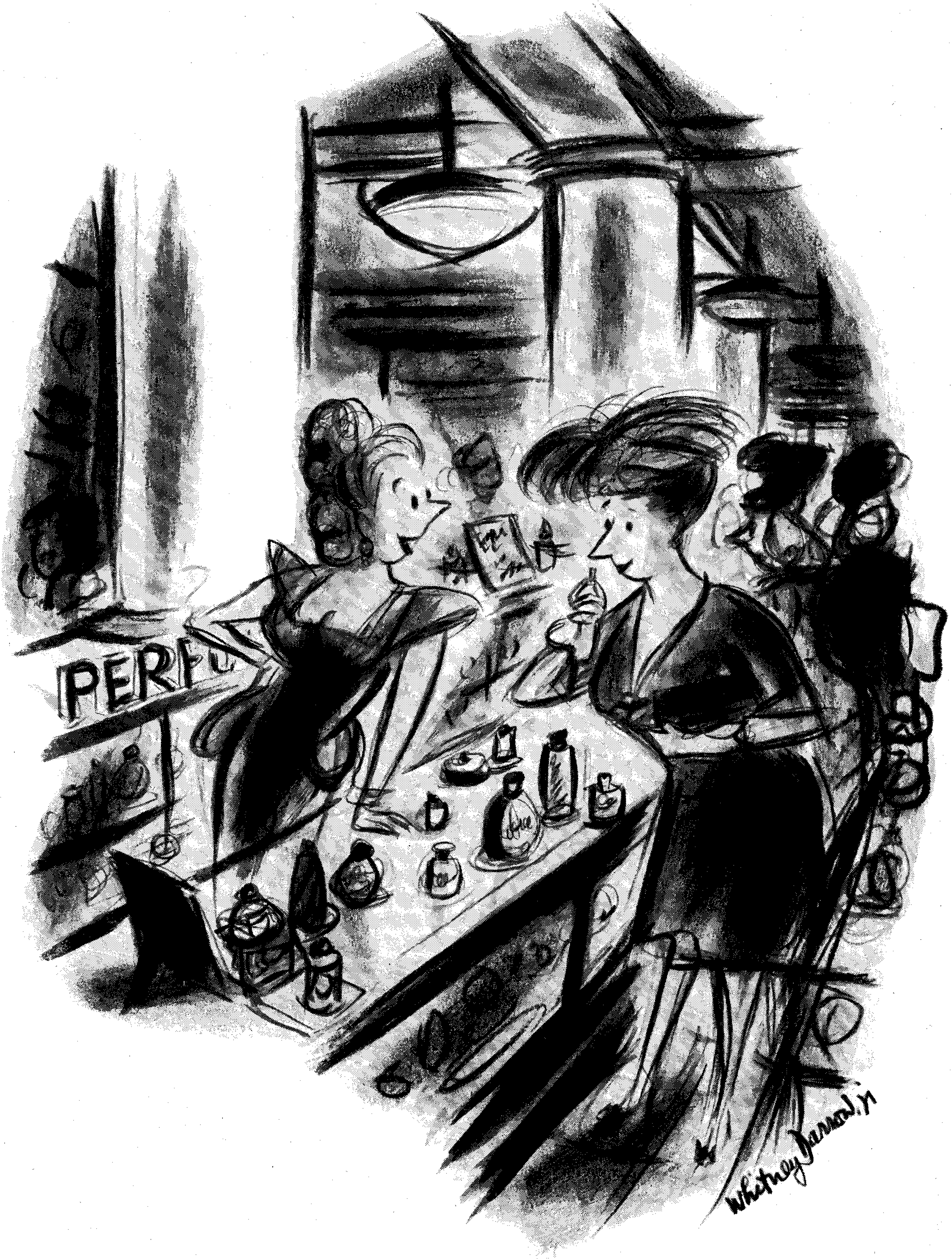

PERFU
Whitney Darrow, Jr

"Why not give it the acid test—take it home and try it on your husband?"

PROFILES

SQUARE DEAL AMONG THE FUNGI

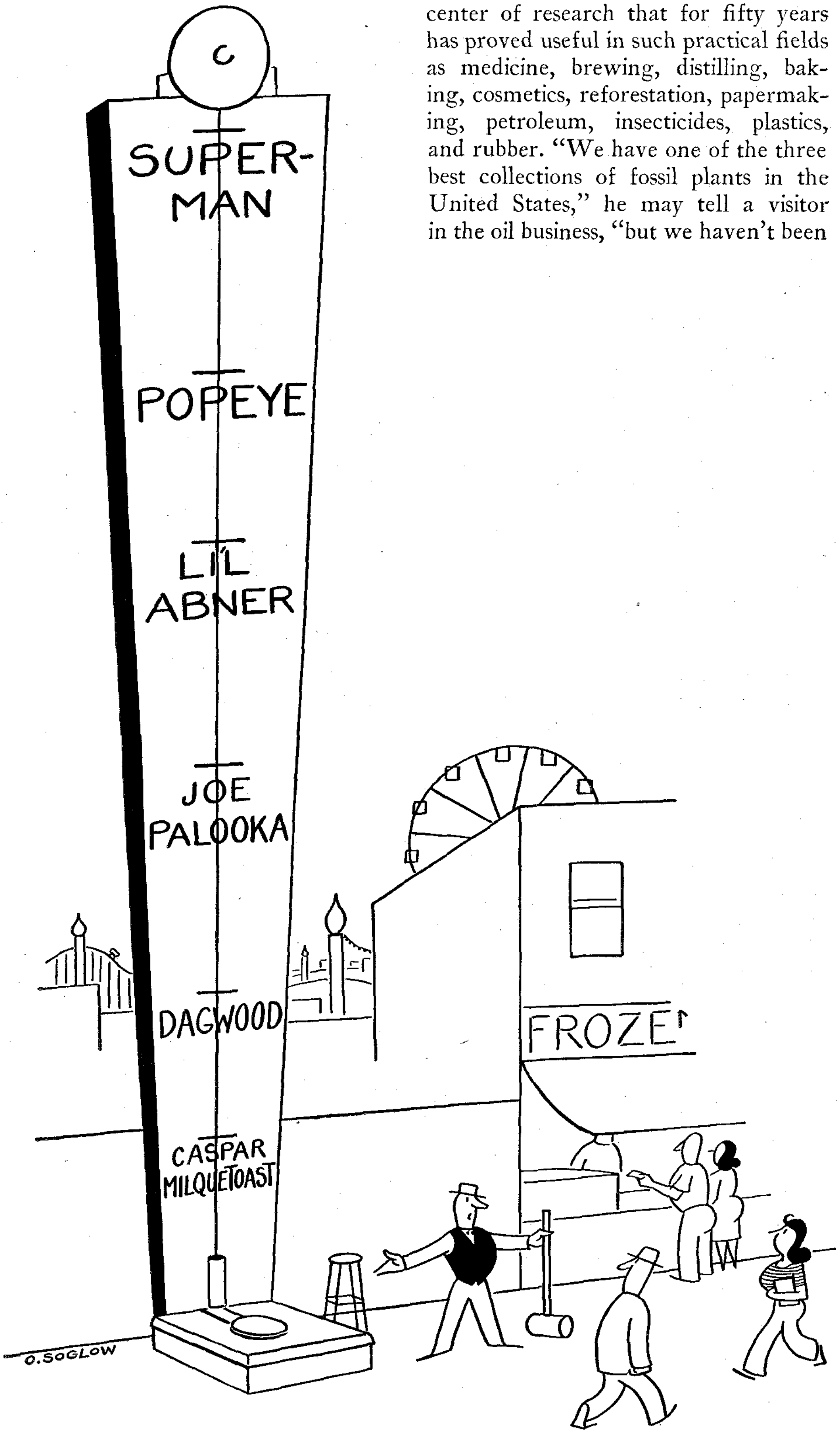
Dr. William J. Robbins, the director of the New York Botanical Garden, is a man in whom the qualities of an efficient administrator, a zealous promoter, and a physiological mycologist, or student of the behavior of fungi, are rather unexpectedly joined. There are three general orders of fungi—the Phycomycetes, the Ascomycetes, and the Basidiomycetes. Robbins is devoted to them all. One of his favorite dishes, preferably with a substratum of steak, is a member of the Ascomycetes group known as the edible morel, a mushroom, but his particular babies in the scientific line are certain of the wood-destroying and wood-staining fungi in the Basidiomycetes category. Among them are many of the bracket fungi, which grow on tree trunks. It is difficult for Robbins to pass a tree adorned with these parasites without pausing to make a close inspection, but he is not dependent for his knowledge on such hit-or-miss scrutiny, since he is a fairly large-scale host to fungi himself. He has at the Garden a laboratory containing three thousand varieties of Basidiomycetes, as well as a couple of thousand Phycomycetes and Ascomycetes. His laboratory does not, however, bother with mushrooms, so it is no place to go for a pickup lunch.

As an administrator, Robbins has charge of two hundred and thirty forested or heavily horticultural acres in the Bronx, just north of the Zoo, including a fifty-acre hemlock grove, a seven-acre pinetum, and some twelve thousand varieties of plants, an impressive number of which the director can identify on sight. Dr. Robbins, who has been head of the Garden for ten years, presides over such seasonal attractions as several acres of daffodils, a three-acre rock garden, twelve hundred pansies, thirty-five hundred chrysanthemums, seven thousand roses, an eight-acre azalea garden, and two large pools of water lilies, as well as such all-year fixtures as a botanical museum of seventy-five thousand fossil plants, a herbarium of two million two hundred thousand dried specimens, thirty-five hundred orchids, a botanical library of fifty-five thousand books and two hundred thousand pamphlets, a propagating and growing range of twenty-one thousand square feet, and fifteen display greenhouses, among them a palm house with a ninety-foot ceiling. He has a staff of twenty-five curators and technical assistants and a total of nearly a hundred and twenty gardeners, tree pruners, pond cleaners, painters, guides, and watchmen. It is his duty not only to look after all this but to see that the Garden keeps within an annual operating budget of approximately half a million dollars.

Robbins and his curators have their offices in a long, drafty, columned, pilastered, domed Italian Renaissance museum-and-administration building that was completed in 1899 and is beginning to come apart at the seams. It would cost several hundred thousand dollars to put it in shape, and the city, which contributes a sizable sum—nearly three hundred and fifty thousand dollars this year—toward the Garden's upkeep, has promised to replace the building with a new, million-dollar structure within three years. The present building has no restaurant or kitchen, and most of the curators, rather than walk a quarter of a mile to the nearest eating place, lunch gregariously on the premises out of paper bags, which they bring from home every morning. The lunchers are chiefly specialists in taxonomy, or the classification of plants by family. For the most part, their professional lives revolve around one or another botanical specialty. Dr. Henry A. Gleason, one of two assistant directors, specializes in Melastomes, a genus of tropical plants. Melastomes have beckoned Dr. Gleason to Ceylon, Java, Borneo, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, and British Guiana; every so often, laden with specimens, he returns to the Garden for study, reflection, and writing. He is the author of two hundred and thirty-five botanical essays, mostly on Melastomes. Dr. Fred J. Seaver, head curator, is a mycologist; he is also the editor of *Mycologia*, the journal of the Mycological Society of America, and the author of a book called "North American Cupfungi (Operculates)," as well as a member of the American Phytopathological and Sullivant Moss Societies. Dr. Bernard O. Dodge, the Garden's plant pathologist and an authority on "hybrid vigor" in fungi, is breezy about his work; "I got the nuclei together in the same cytoplasm and just went to town," he is apt to say. Dr. Harold W. Rickett, the Garden's bibliographer, edits *Brittonia*, the organ of the American Society of Plant Taxonomists, and the *Bulletin* of the Torrey Botanical Club, an outfit whose agitation for a botanical park in New York led to the establishment of the Garden in 1891. Dr. Bassett Maguire, a curator, has spent fifteen summers exploring in the Intermountain region of the West. He is interested chiefly in the Caryophyllaceae and his great specialty is wild carnations. Dr. Harold N. Moldenke, an associate curator, is an authority on botanical tautonyms and nomenclature, especially those of Verbenaceae and Avicenniaceae. Dr. Arlow B. Stout, another curator, is a geneticist best known to the horticultural world for his breeding of day lilies. Dr. W. H. Camp and E. J. Alexander, associate curators, specialize, respectively, in the classification of blueberries, azaleas, and their relatives and in the classification of cacti and other desert plants, with particular reference to the taxonomy of the Crassulaceae. And so it goes. Many of these men have either come from university faculties or have declined offers to teach at universities, at higher pay, because they want to be free to concentrate on, say, blueberries or day lilies. Their pleasure in their surroundings often crops up in their conversation. "Everyone gets a square deal at the Garden," one of them said recently. "The place is singularly free of intramural jealousies and squabbles, although there is, of course, a certain amount of lunch-table hilarity."

In administering this square deal, Dr. Robbins is poker-faced, slow-spoken, authoritarian, outwardly severe, and decisive. His colleagues consider him formal, occasionally sardonic, and fairly inaccessible. He calls them by their last names, and they call him Dr. Robbins. Like them, he lunches out of a paper bag, often in the company of Henry de la Montagne, an assistant director who is the Garden's business manager and with whom he shares a big office. Unlike most of them, however, Robbins is not a taxonomist but a plant physiologist; that is, a student of the behavior of plants, mycology being his specialty. His staff respects the commanding position he occupies in the physiological field, but the older members sometimes recall nostalgically the regimes of his three predecessors—Nathaniel Lord Britton, Elmer D. Merrill, and Marshall A. Howe, more easygoing administrators who specialized, respectively, in the taxonomy of North American flora, the plants of southeastern Asia, and seaweed. Merrill, the only survivor of this trio, and until recently head of the Arnold Arboretum, in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, is so easygoing that since 1932 he has permitted *Who's Who in America* to identify him as director, or former director, of the "New York Botany Garden." Dr. Robbins' subordinates do not believe that their present chief would permit such an error to persist for fifteen years. Nevertheless, some of them slightly resent the fact that, for the first time in its history, the Garden's director is a plant physiologist rather than a taxonomist. "The worst thing you can say about Dr. Robbins," one of them once remarked, "is that he is not a taxonomist. This is predominately a taxonomic institution, so to bring a physiologist in as head was rather daring." Some of the director's colleagues fear that the director's predilection for physiology may ultimately have an adverse effect upon the organization's taxonomic activities, and Robbins, who is aware of this point of view and wishes to reassure his aides, makes a great effort to encourage them in their taxonomic work by precept, if not by example. Dr. Gleason is one of those who do not worry about Robbins. "There's been no real change," he says. "The Twentieth Century goes to Chicago every night, no matter who the conductor is." Robbins' interest in fungi may explain the presence, on the main floor of the museum building, of a large exhibit of plaster models of edible and poisonous mushrooms and of dried specimens of birch cankers, giant puffballs, slime molds, and so on. Their arrangement is taxonomic, however, and has given offense to no one on the staff.

As a promoter, Robbins is involved in a five-year drive, now in its second year and its second million dollars, to raise $6,500,000 for the Garden. At the beginning of this campaign, the institution's permanent, or income-producing, funds amounted to $2,700,000, and they are not much higher today, since most of the new money subscribed has been earmarked by the donors for specific projects of exploration or laboratory research. Robbins is happy about these gifts, of course, but he hopes to get substantial contributions to the permanent fund in order to set up additional curatorial chairs. He is a reticent man, especially in the company of non-mycologists, but he has forced himself to dwell upon the Garden's needs at social functions arranged by the Garden's Committee on Plans and Development and to talk persuasively to prospective donors whom this committee, one of whose chairmen is Joseph R. Swan, president of the Garden and a former partner in Smith, Barney & Co., sends his way. Robbins takes these people on brisk tours of the pinetum and other show spots on the premises, and points out to them that the place isn't just a great big park, conservatory, and flower bed but a center of research that for fifty years has proved useful in such practical fields as medicine, brewing, distilling, baking, cosmetics, reforestation, papermaking, petroleum, insecticides, plastics, and rubber. "We have one of the three best collections of fossil plants in the United States," he may tell a visitor in the oil business, "but we haven't been



able to afford to replace our curator of fossil botany, who died fifteen years ago. Now, there are two billion two hundred million people in the world, and of them not more than a hundred are chiefly concerned with the study of fossil plants, which is the only way to become acquainted with the history of plants and thus with the source of petroleum. We're ambitious to have here a Garden as beautiful as we can make it, and we think it is one of the sights of the city, but a botanical garden is far more than a well-cared-for and attractive park. It is, in effect, a university devoted exclusively to plants."

The head of this university in the Bronx has a low voice, a confidence-inspiring, contemplative air, a gray and neatly trimmed mustache, and penetrating but friendly and twinkling blue eyes. He is husky, of medium height, patient, thoughtful, and frank. He can explain a difficult scientific subject, such as antibiotics, in terms comprehensible to the layman, and he often does. He can also speak convincingly of the need of repairs to the Garden's greenhouse water pipes. His ability to talk turkey on worldly matters impresses Mr. Thomas J. Patterson, Director of the New York City Budget, before whom he, de la Montagne, and A. C. Pfander, the Garden's superintendent of buildings and grounds, appear every spring to give an estimate of maintenance costs, for which the city is responsible. (Curatorial salaries are paid by the Garden out of the income from its permanent funds; projects such as new buildings are taken up with the Board of Estimate by the Parks Department.) Robbins' gift for expatiating on the tieup between botany and industry and his willingness to go to bat for the Garden when funds must be raised have endeared him to the institution's trustees, who are called managers. Besides Mr. Swan, this group includes John L. Merrill, chairman of the board of All America Cables & Radio; Arthur M. Anderson, a vice-president of J. P. Morgan; William F. Barrett, a Union Carbide & Carbon consultant; Edwin De T. Bechtel, a partner in Carter, Ledyard & Milburn; Henry F. du Pont; Mrs. Albert Lasker; and Mrs. Harold I. Pratt. Its members are all impressed by Robbins' standing as a mycologist and by the fact that during the past few years he has turned down offers of several college presidencies.

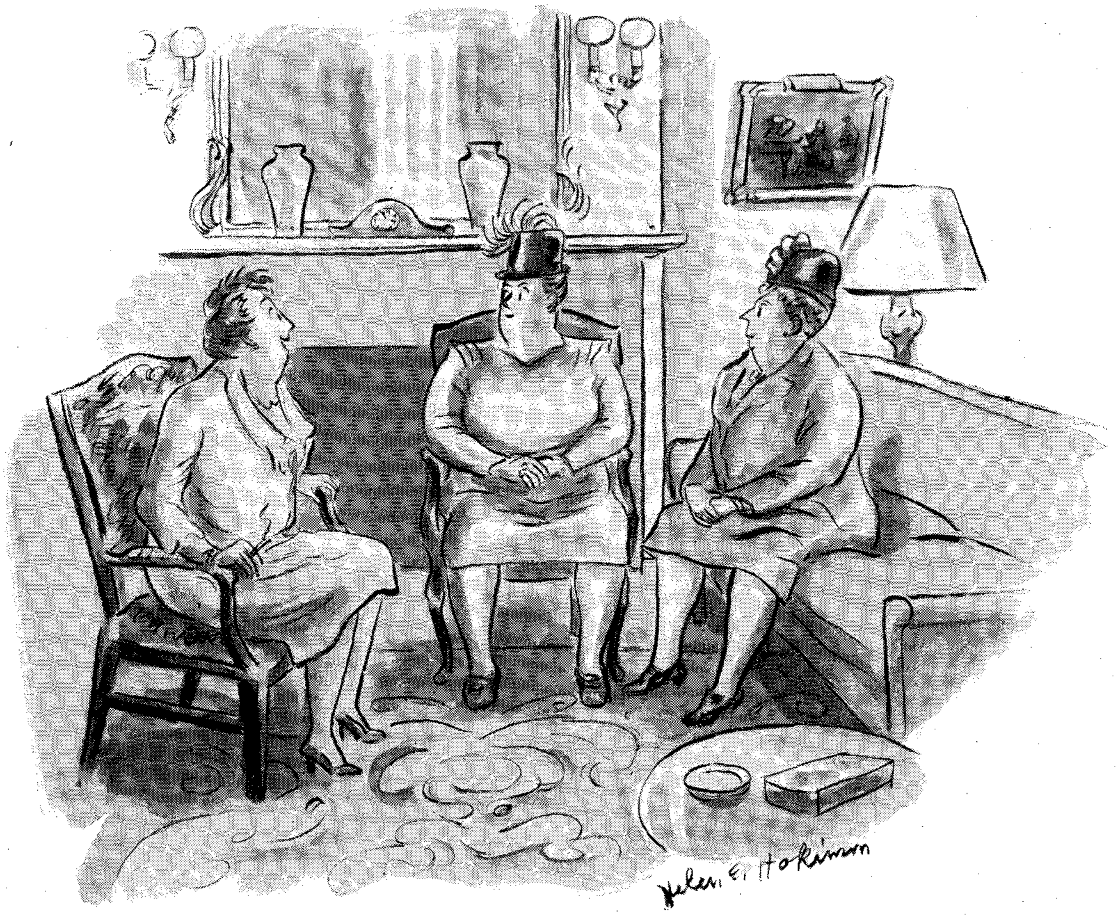
Robbins, in turn, can be impressed by businessmen. He was openly admiring of financial-district techniques a couple of years ago, when the Garden's managers hired the John Price Jones Corporation, a high-powered firm of fund-raising counsellors, to advise the Garden how much extra money it needed and how to go about raising it. "I called on Mr. Jones in Nassau Street," Robbins later told a friend, "and it was very interesting. He called in one of his partners, who said, 'Oh, the Garden—I pass that on my way to the George Washington Bridge every evening.' I don't know what it was he passed, but you can see he approached the problem with admirable detachment." Robbins sat down with the Jones people and helped them work up a hundred-and-eleven-page report clearly indicating that the Garden was afflicted with Total Primary Needs of $1,550,000 and Total Secondary Needs of $3,350,000. The sum to be raised by the drive was set at $6,500,000, to take care of possible inflation.

ROBBINS, who is fifty-seven, got going on fungi a little over thirty years ago, at Cornell, where he was simultaneously studying for a Ph.D. and teaching plant physiology on the side. His first published work on the subject, "Influence of Certain Salts and Nutrient Solutions on the Secretion of Diastase by Penicillium Camembertii," appeared in the *American Journal of Botany* in 1916. "It is significant," it says, "that a longer period is required for starch digestion by the fungus when grown in the culture medium lacking nitrogen only, than in the medium lacking all nutrients. It was found that the combination of salts used in the minus nitrogen medium decreases the time required for Taka diastase to change a given quantity of starch to the point at which it no longer colors with iodine. The longer period of time required for digestion in the minus nitrogen culture medium is, therefore, due to a decreased secretion of diastase." Robbins went on investigating the habits of fungi when he moved on to the University of Missouri, where he was a professor of botany from 1919 until 1937, the year the Garden invited him to become its director. He specified, as a condition of his acceptance of this post, that he be provided with a laboratory in which to pursue his specialty. The Garden didn't have one, but one was provided for by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. It is staffed by Dr. F. W. Kavanagh—who studied under Dr. Robbins at the University of Missouri and subsequently became a faculty colleague of his before following him to the Bronx in 1938—and by seven or eight assistants. In it are the cultures of five thousand kinds of fungi. (So far, a hundred thousand fungi are known to exist.) These repose on jelly dishes in juxtaposition to smears of various kinds of bacteria, the purpose being to discover which fungi, if any, prevent which bacteria from growing. Those that inhibit the bacteria are next grown in flasks, in a liquid fortified by sugar, mineral salts, and corn-grain extract. The culture liquid is then tested for bacteria-killing properties. Fungi that inhibit bacterial growth at dilutions of five hundred or more are produced in quantity and the antibacterial materials are isolated or concentrated, with the ultimate object of getting preparations that stop bacterial growth at dilutions of a million or more. Such substances are called antibiotics. The Garden, which works not with pathogenic bacteria but with simulants (non-pathogenic bacteria that simulate the properties of disease-bearing ones), sends its antibiotics to other laboratories, such as that of the Squibb Institute, to be tested on pathogenic bacteria and to be injected into animals suffering from certain diseases. "If the material we extract is toxic to the animal as well as to the bacteria, it's of no value," Robbins says. "If it isn't, we see whether it will cure the animal of a disease—cholera, for instance—caused by bacteria that our research has indicated it will kill. This doesn't necessarily follow, since things that work in the laboratory may not work *in vivo*. Blood constituents might interfere, for example."

LIVE LOBSTERS
H.R. BATES CLAMS

So far, Robbins' research has not made big news, but it could any day. Penicillin notatum, whose disease-curing attributes were discovered by Sir Alexander Fleming, is ineffective against human tuberculosis, but one of the hundred thousand known fungi probably will prove effective, and it might turn out to be one of the five thousand that Robbins and his men are nurturing. It is also possible that experimentation with fungi may help produce a cure for cancer. Robbins is given to understatement; he has a horror of easy prophecy. A few weeks ago, after explaining to a visitor the purposes and achievements of his laboratory, he said that perhaps the work being done there could help solve the problem of infantile paralysis. "You mean it might lead to a cure?" the visitor asked. Robbins looked pained. "I do not mean to suggest," he said carefully, "that the discovery of antibiotic substances capable of inactivating viruses would lead to practical methods for the control of infantile paralysis. However, the impact of fundamental discoveries is often unpredictable." Early this year, just the same, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis hopefully voted to give the Garden two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to push along Dr. Robbins' research for an antibiotic weapon against poliomyelitis. Robbins is modest about the present importance of his laboratory activities ("Occasionally you find a grain of gold in the gravel—small, well hidden," he has said), but he has little patience with people who question the eventual value of such work. Some time ago, in an article headed "The Graduate School and Research," in a scientific quarterly, after referring to a colleague's charge that "less than one per cent of the research now carried on is of any value," he wrote:

> He may be right in this percentage. It may be but one tenth of one per cent. But that one per cent or one tenth of one per cent is what has brought us out from the darkness and barrenness of the scholasticism of the middle ages, has reduced our subservience to the domination of authority, and has enabled us to face our problems on another basis than emotion, prejudice, or wish fulfilment.



"I know what! Let's have an Old-Fashioned before we start talking French."

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THE Botanical Garden's leading physiological mycologist was born in 1890 in North Platte, Nebraska, where his father was a schoolteacher. When he was two, his parents, who were Pennsylvanians, moved to Towanda, in their native state, and there the senior Robbins became superintendent of schools. He subsequently held the same berth in Bethlehem and in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. William F. Cody—that is to say, Buffalo Bill—was a neighbor and friend of the family in North Platte. When Robbins was nine, Buffalo Bill turned up in Williamsport with his Wild West Show. Robbins' maternal grandmother, a chum of Buffalo Bill's, took her grandson to the great man's tent and said, "Bill, let me have a couple of passes." "I was much impressed at having such a grandmother," Robbins says. Recently, on the subway, he sat down next to a couple of boys who were discussing a book of stories about Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, and Buffalo Bill. "Buffalo Bill?" said Robbins, who was unable to resist joining the conversation. "I knew him." "Yeah?" said one of the boys, and, exchanging troubled glances, they edged away. "My family knew his family," said Robbins, who still thinks about Buffalo Bill quite a lot. "My grandmother—" At this point, according to Robbins, both boys, looking thoroughly scared, got up and went into another car.

Robbins spent his boyhood summers working on his paternal grandmother's farm, near Northumberland, Pennsylvania. There, supervised by a bachelor uncle, William Clinton Robbins, who is still farming at the age of eighty, he mowed hay, repaired fences, cut wheat with a cradle, raked and tied the grain, looked after chickens, milked cows, and pruned fruit trees. He thought the farm was one of the most interesting places in the world, and he still does. He graduated, a Phi Beta Kappa, from Lehigh University in 1910. At the suggestion of his father, he began to read law in the office of a prominent Bethlehem attorney. He read Blackstone for four miserable hours and quit. Before leaving Lehigh, he had been offered a place on the faculty and given a choice of teaching physics, mathematics, or biology. Because of an interest in nature, induced by his summers on the farm, he chose biology and spent a year as an assistant in this subject. Next year, deciding to become a scientific farmer, he did postgraduate work at Cornell. There, in 1915, while taking his Ph.D. and teaching plant physiology, he married a fellow botanical student, Miss Christine Chapman. He was invited to join the faculty on a full-time basis, but he felt that he would have more independence on a smaller campus, and the following year he joyfully accepted a call to teach botany at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, in Auburn. There, at only twenty-six, he became a full professor and head of the Botany Department. Most of his students, some of whom were older than he was, chewed tobacco, and he kept boxes of sawdust in the classroom, distributing their contents judiciously. "One football player was inclined to be cocky," he says. "Whenever I saw he had a mouthful of tobacco, I'd fire a question at him. He'd swallow the tobacco and answer. They were awfully nice boys. It wouldn't be bad to be twenty-six again."

At the Institute's Agricultural Experiment Station, Robbins conducted investigations whose objectives are perhaps best described in the titles of the articles he wrote about them—"The Destruction of Vanillin in the Soil by the Action of Soil Bacteria," "The Cause of the Disappearance of Cumarin, Vanillin, Pyridine, and Quinoline in the Soil," "The Oxidation of Vanillin to Vanillic Acid by Certain Soil Bacteria," and "The Effect of Certain Environmental Conditions on the Destruction of Vanillin by a Soil Bacterium." His detective work on vanillin and his synchronization of question asking with the tobacco chewing of his students were cut short in 1917, when his father-in-law, a wholesale hardware dealer in Springfield, Massachusetts, fell ill. Robbins moved to Springfield and took over running the business. By the time America entered the war, he had become an authority on nails, pocket knives, lead pipe, and tin pails. He volunteered for the Army and was sent to the Yale Army Laboratory School in New Haven; he was at Camp Crane, near Allentown, Pennsylvania, with his overseas orders in his pocket, when the armistice was declared.

Mr. Chapman had sold his hardware business during the war, and Robbins resumed his botanical work when he got out of the Army, a second lieutenant. He spent a year as a soil biochemist for the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture, in Washington, and then became head of the Botany Department at the University of Missouri, where he taught elementary botany, bacteriology, and plant physiology. His classroom manner was forbidding, and he was generally feared. Even when coeds who had flunked their exams paid him tearful visits, he kept a stiff upper lip, feeling that his youth required him to be especially stern. After he and Mr. Rickett, then his assistant and now the Garden's bibliographer, had been buttonholed by a series of wailing flunkers, he would simply say, "Well, Rickett, get out the mop." He was, however, by no means indifferent to the welfare of undergraduates. His solicitude for them is plainly visible in a paper he contributed to the October 19, 1923, issue of *Science*, entitled "Case of Supersensitiveness to the Poisonous Action of the Castor Bean." In one considerate passage, he wrote:

> The frequency with which the castor bean seed is used in elementary courses in botany makes it seem advisable to record a case of supersensitiveness to the poisonous action of the castor bean plant which came under my observation.
>
> The subject, Miss K., while taking the laboratory work in botany as a student, developed a severe case of what appeared to be hay fever. It was apparently associated with something used in the laboratory. Not until a year later, when she acted as an assistant in the same course, was the castor bean found to be the cause.
>
> The attacks were initiated with severe sneezing and some headache and general discomfort a few minutes after exposure. Her face became inflamed and puffy, eyes reddened and swelled, breathing was accompanied by a wheezy sensation. The mucous membranes were decidedly irritated and later cracked. The surface of the cornea of the eye in some cases became slightly wrinkled. After the heaviest attack, Miss K. was confined to her bed for three days, and the after-effects lasted for two weeks.... Out of several hundred students, the case mentioned is the only one of its type I have observed.

In collaboration with Rickett, Robbins wrote a botanical textbook that is used in many colleges. The results of his research in Missouri on molds and on plant life in general were disseminated in *Soil Science*, the *Journal of Agricultural Research*, the *Journal of General Physiology*, the *American Journal of Botany*, the *Botanical Gazette*, and *Science* in papers he wrote, some with collaborators, on "Precipitation and the Growth of Oaks at Columbia, Missouri," "Internal Decline (Endoxerosis) of Lemons IV; the Carbohydrates in the Peel of Healthy and Endoxerotic Fruits," "Isoelectric Points for the Mycelium of Fungi," "Effect of Dyes on Yeast Fermentation as Influenced by Hydrogen-Ion Concentration," "Hydrogen-Ion Concentration and the Toxicity of Basic and Acid Dyes to Fungi," "Moisture Content and High Temperature in Relation to the Germination of Corn and Wheat Grains," "Effect of Light on Growth of Excised Root Tips under Sterile Conditions," "Effect of 3-Indole Acetic Acid on Cell Walls of Stem and Root," and "Vitamin B-One, or Its Intermediates and Growth of Certain Fungi." He was a pioneer in experiments proving that plants, as well as animals and human beings, absorb vitamins. When, in 1926, a quarterly called the *University of Missouri Studies* commenced publication, the first issue began with a piece by

US MAIL
FOR SALE
Robt. Day

Robbins on "The Isoelectric Point for Plant Tissue and Its Importance in Absorption and Toxicity." This got the quarterly off to such a fine start that today it has a circulation of fifteen hundred. Robbins' scientific writings exhibit a desire to look at all sides of a question. In his "Notes on the Physiology of Fucus Spermatozoids," he says, for instance:

> Strasburger states that spermatozoids of *Fucus,* passing at a distance of one or even two diameters from the egg, turn from their path and rush toward the egg. This attraction, he says, is a chemical one and is due to some substance secreted by the egg which conditions the direction of motion of the spermatozoids. Strasburger also states that healthy spermatozoids are strongly negatively phototactic. . . . [Bordet] concludes that the ova exert no chemotactic influence on the spermatozoids. He observed, however, that the spermatozoids were very sensitive to contact, clinging with one cilium to the glass slide or any solid object as, for example, a capillary tube. Bordet also states that *Fucus* spermatozoids are not phototactic, being neither attracted nor repelled by light. He believes that the meeting of the eggs and spermatozoids is due to chance.
>
> In brief, Strasburger states that *Fucus* spermatozoids are negatively phototactic and are chemotactic to the ova. Bordet asserts that they are not phototactic and that there is no chemotaxy.

After going on to outline his own experiments in the field, Robbins submitted his considered conclusion that the spermatozoids *were* negatively phototactic but not chemotactic to the ova.

Robbins has always had a vast admiration for his father, a largely self-educated educator who began life as a carpenter. He feels that the example set him by his parent encouraged him, as early as his Missouri period, to venture beyond the rather limiting horizons of phototaxy and chemotaxy. He recruited able men for the Botany Department and got things humming administratively. In 1928, taking a two-year leave of absence, he extended his administrative activities so as to include physics, mathematics, chemistry, and biology and placed them on an international basis by going abroad as a representative of the European office of the Rockefeller Foundation, seeking out likely candidates for post-doctoral Foundation fellowships in the sciences. These fellowships had been established in universities all over Europe. Robbins, operating with the aid of his own French and German and a number of interpreters, travelled about the Continent interviewing scientists and inspecting laboratories. On his say-so, a Geneva specialist in the study of the development of animal embryos would be sent to continue his studies with a big animal-embryo man in Berlin. During the second summer of this work, Robbins managed to get himself mistaken by the Italian police for a Yugoslav spy. On the train from Yugoslavia to Trieste, he snapped some photographs from his car window, and then, since he spoke no Italian and was at the moment without an interpreter, used sign language in asking a fellow-passenger for a match. He was arrested at the Trieste station by two policemen whom a trainman had tipped off to these suspicious activities. They asked him why he took the pictures. "I'm interested in scenery," he said, in a shaky voice. Why had he made those signs? "Wanted to light a cigarette," said Robbins, unconvincingly. The policemen took their catch to a police station, where he was required to make a long statement about his reasons for entering Italy. He was not allowed to get in touch with the American consul. Instead, he was conveyed by trolley to the central police station, where he was quizzed extensively. He was then taken in an automobile to another police station. There, after another quiz, he was told he could go free if he paid for the use of the car. "Oh, no," said Robbins. "Why didn't you take me in a trolley?" After a good deal more palaver, but no exchange of automobile fare, he was released.

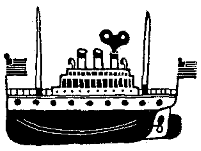
When Robbins at last came home, he was made dean of the graduate school at Missouri, and soon after that was elected president of the Missouri Academy of Science. He nevertheless continued to teach, and he did not relinquish any of his posts or duties when, in September, 1933, he became acting president of the university, a position he held for nine months, while the president took a world cruise. Robbins went right on reading examination papers; while marking them, he and Rickett would drink tea, munch cookies, and swap boners, chortling mercilessly. In 1937, when the Garden called, he packed up and left these pleasures in the middle of the college year. "We gave him kind of a farewell party," one of his students has said, "but he wouldn't say goodbye to anyone—I think because he was too shy."

SEVERAL teachers at Missouri have followed Robbins to the Garden, but they don't see as much of him outside of office hours as they used to. He is so busy, during the day, being an administrator and Garden spokesman that he devotes his evenings to working on scientific papers instead of to bridge, which was his major Missouri relaxation. "Dr. Robbins is leading a double, or possibly triple, life," an awed associate recently remarked, "because he's a promoter and administrator as well as a scientist. He wants administrative eminence, but he retains his love for science."

Robbins' day begins at eight-thirty, with half an hour's inspection of his fungi. Then there is a conference with his assistant directors, Dr. Gleason and Mr. de la Montagne; his head curator, Dr. Seaver; his superintendent of buildings and grounds, Mr. Pfander; and his horticulturist, Thomas H. Everett. This takes place in Robbins' office, a room notable principally for its bookshelves of bound volumes of *Brittonia*, *Mycologia*, and the journals of the New York Botanical Garden and of the Torrey Botanical Club. The windows look out on the hemlock grove and an abandoned Victory garden, which will soon be planted with iris. Robbins enjoys contemplating the grove, for it is all that remains of the forest that once covered the land on which New York City stands. He also enjoys, in season, a fine view of flowering rhododendrons along the edge of the grove, and the blossoms of a tulip tree. "Liriodendron tulipifera," he sometimes says, standing at a window. "What a lovely name! And isn't this a lovely spot?" His office is innocent of plants. "I wouldn't dare have anything scraggly," he has explained, "and I don't want to take any of the time of our gardeners. I want them to devote themselves entirely to our public displays."

Following the staff conference, Robbins may have a get-together with President Swan, or with Mrs. J. Henry Harper, a determined lady who helps direct the Garden's fund-raising activities from an office on midtown Madison Avenue. After, or between, these talks, Robbins answers mail, receives visitors, confers with curators, and inspects the greenhouses and grounds, but he gives all the time he can spare to the fungi in his laboratory. This stalwart routine has made a deep impression on Dr. E. E. Naylor, an old Missouri disciple of Dr. Robbins and now an assistant curator at the Garden specializing in the histology of the regeneration of plants. "He runs downstairs to his research," Dr. Naylor says. "All that scientific apparatus. Mercy! Mercy! Then he's off to a meeting—problems thrashed out, won't put anything off, makes up his mind. Yes! No! Everything is in order when he talks—it's the old one-two. He doesn't waver or change, doesn't let you ramble on. Not Dr. Robbins!"

Robbins has a satisfying variety of visitors. Not long ago, a week's haul included a Chinese girl botanical student, a Palestinian horticulturist with a novel method for making all of the buds on apple trees bloom simultaneously in the arid climate of the Levant, a University of Cochabamba botany man specializing in potatoes, an Indian pharmacologist, a French government official, and a Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association man. He also enjoys the variety of communications that comes the Garden's way. A Virginia member (the Garden has a hierarchy of memberships, ranging from a ten-dollar Annual to a fifty-thousand-dollar Industrial Benefactor) sent in a package of toadstools, asking whether she could cook them for a dinner party (the Garden wired her "Don't eat"); a Pepsi-Cola lawyer asked whether his company was scientifically justified in referring to its product as cola (the Garden begged off); an advertising man asked for pictures of plants used in the manufacture of cathartics (granted); an anonymous person sent a twenty-dollar bill, saying that the soothing effect of the flowers at the Garden had once prevented him from committing suicide; the Bell Telephone Company inquired about a tropical fungus that grows on the insulation of copper wire and causes short circuits; a lady, with God knows what in mind, asked for the names of man-eating plants. Letters, as well as telephone queries, are routed to the relevant, or most nearly relevant, Garden official, so only those letters and phone calls bearing on administrative or physiologically mycological problems are supposed to be relayed to the director, but he has exhibited such a liking for odd requests that they too are often brought to his attention. He was particularly pleased one day when Everett sent him a note from a lady in New Jersey that ran, "Dear Sir: I wonder whether you could send me a fig leaf. I am planning a Christmas exhibition." "We are sending the fig leaf," Robbins dictated, taking the matter out of his horticulturist's hands. "We hope it serves your purpose."

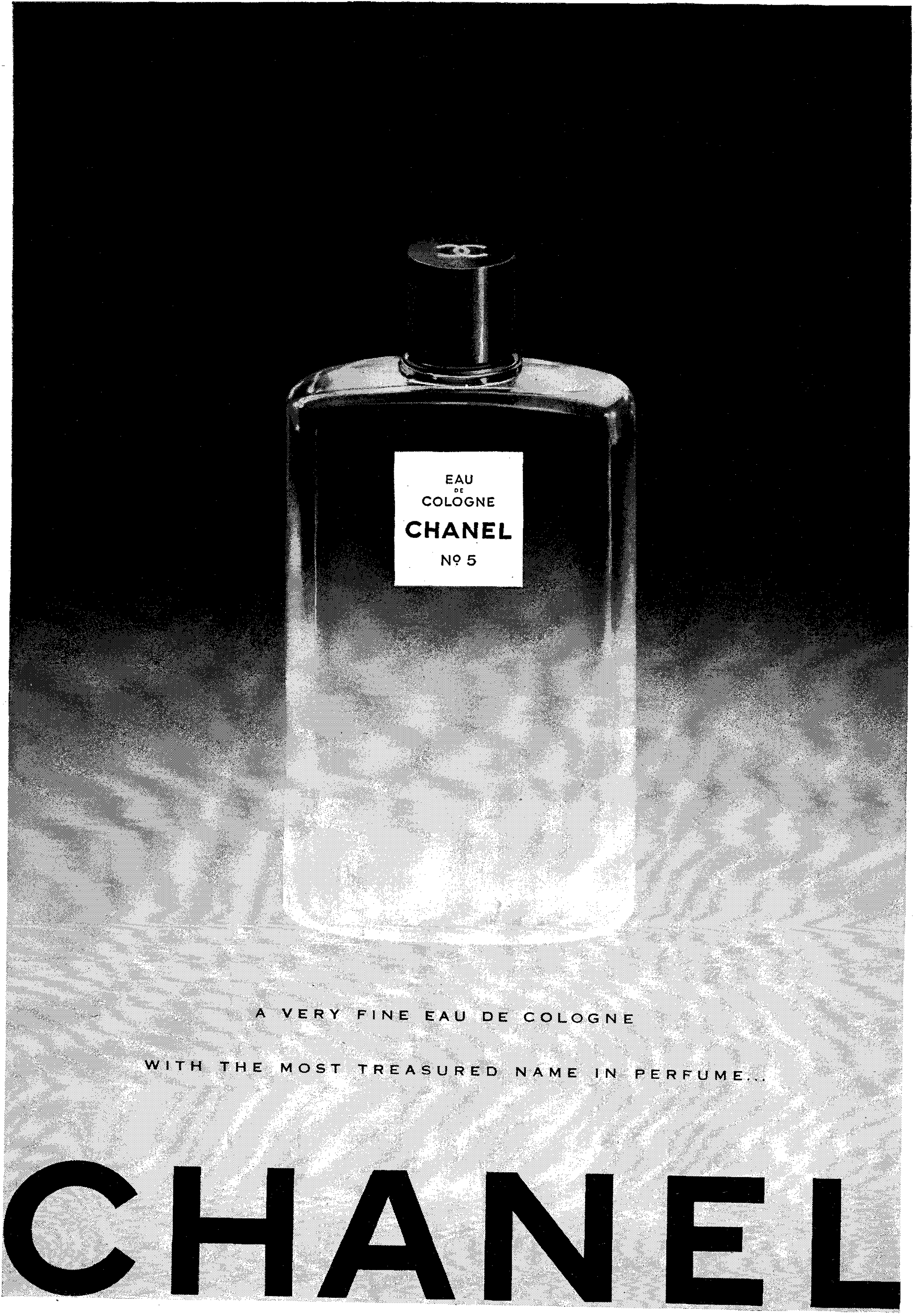


More challenging questions are sometimes presented to Robbins at the monthly members' meetings, held in the Garden's Members' Room, in the main building. These are attended by up to seventy people, mostly ladies, who sit on chairs that used to be in the Australian Building at the World's Fair and are a gift of the Australian government. The chairs are of various woods, and are marked "Black Bean," "Yellow Walnut," "Butt Maple," "Silver Ash," etc. Mr. Everett dresses the room up with a miniature flower show, a staff man makes a speech on his specialty or on the Garden in general, and Dr. Robbins sometimes gives a talk on penicillin. Then tea is served. Mrs. Robbins usually pours. "Robbins can carry a marvellous lot of facts in his noodle," Mr. de la Montagne says of his chief's ability as lecturer. Robbins likes to point out to members a small oven, enshrined in the Members' Room, in which, in 1901, the late Dr. Alexander P. Anderson, then a botanical student at the Garden, made breakfast-food history when he heated some starchy grains of wheat to a point at which (to his complete astonishment) they exploded into the commodity now known as puffed wheat. Robbins is indulgent toward lady members. Advised by Miss Elizabeth C. Hall, the librarian, that one of them wishes to borrow a book from the library—which is against the rules—he sometimes nods and says, "We will make a gesture."

The contents of the library reveal Robbins' scientific interests; it was once almost entirely taxonomic, but during the past ten years it has become increasingly physiological. He often drops in there, on such business as advising Miss Hall about leather preservatives or looking up books on old herbals when he has to deliver a chat on old herbals. He frequently talks at the Museum of Natural History and before various scientific bodies, and sometimes gives radio lectures about plants. He is a tactful speaker, who fits his style to his audiences. His idiom in the presence of fellow-scientists is suitably abstruse. "Certain chemical substances, including indoleacetic acid, indolebutyric acid, indolepropionic acid, and a naphthaleneacetic acid," he once observed before the Iowa Academy of Science, "induce striking responses when applied to plants in solution in water or in lanolin paste." On the air, he speaks in a more popular vein. "Athlete's foot," he stated in the course of a broadcast for the United States Rubber Company last year, "is caused by the growth of a specific fungus in the skin of the foot; pear blight is caused by the growth of particular bacteria in the twigs of the pear tree; pneumonia is a consequence of the growth of certain bacteria in the lungs. To prevent or cure these diseases, we must prevent or stop the growth of the parasite in the host." He spends the proceeds of his radio talks on his laboratory. The United States Rubber one netted three hundred dollars, which was invested in a centrifuge.

DURING the recent war, several of the Garden's staff worked for various government agencies on the production of rubber, quinine, insecticides, drugs, and fibres. The Garden helped train botanists to do war work in the tropics; furnished the government with essential oils, plants to be used as camouflage, and so on; and provided the armed forces with data on tropical edible plants and on fungi that cause short circuits in the wiring of airplanes. (One of the main characteristics of fungi is apparently a disposition to cause short circuits.) Robbins didn't take any vacation during the war, and he has found time to take only one brief one since. He was acting chairman of a National Research Council committee on insect and rodent control, he still serves on a committee that advises the Quartermaster Corps on bacteriological and entomological research, and at the moment he is preparing to pay a month's visit to Japan as a member of a mission sponsored by the War Department and the National Academy of Sciences, the purpose of which, it has been announced, will be "to aid in evaluating plans submitted by Japanese scientific bodies for the democratization of scientific research" in that country. Robbins has three sons who have also made their contributions to the armed forces—Frederick Chapman, now thirty, as a Medical Corps major who worked on Q-fever; William Clinton, twenty-five, as a doctor in the Navy; and Daniel Harvey, twenty-three, as an ensign on an escort carrier in the Pacific. Frederick is at present on the staff of the Children's Hospital in Boston; William, a lieutenant junior grade, is attached to a naval hospital in Memphis; Daniel, an engineer, is with the Federal Welding & Press Co., in Warren, Ohio.

The Robbinses live in a rambling house—which has a rock garden—on a terraced hill in Yonkers, and there they give occasional picnics for Garden employees. Robbins is an energetic host; he likes to roast sausages and toast marshmallows and hand out, and smoke, panatela cigars. The three sons visit their parents now and then, and Robbins' mother, who is eighty, comes East from California, where she now lives, once or twice a year to stay for a couple of months. She is by nature peripatetic,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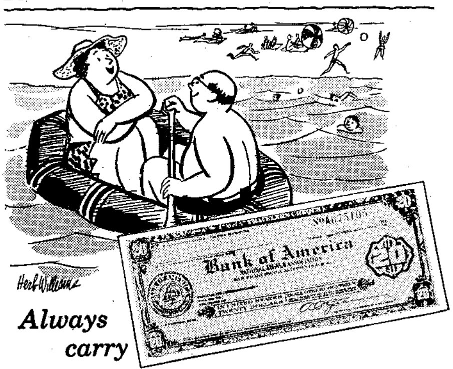

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and occasionally insists on accompanying him to Washington when he addresses the National Academy of Sciences, to which he belongs. Robbins is also the vice-chairman of the Horticultural Society of New York, which helps run the annual International Flower Show; a member of the editorial board of the *American Journal of Botany*, a monthly published by the Botanical Society of America; a member of the American Philosophical Society and the Torrey Botanical Club; and a trustee of the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, in Yonkers. In both his public and his private conversation, he has treated his listeners to a vast variety of allusion well removed from the scientific world and to a philosophical point of view that is probably rare in a man primarily devoted to wood-destroying and wood-staining fungi. In 1937, in his address as retiring president of the Missouri Academy of Science, he managed to refer to Willard Gibbs, Mendel, Louis X, Charles VI, Louis XI, Charles VIII, Hippocrates, Cain, Petrarch, Copernicus, Molière, Sir James Frazer, Lincoln, Washington, Garibaldi, William Tell, Sir Thomas Browne, and Darwin, as well as to a dozen or more less celebrated characters. More recently, conversing with a friend, he restated his firm belief that scientific research should be a collective, largely anonymous effort. "In science," he said, "you don't have shining knights in armor who reach out to the enemy and kill 'em. It's more of a mass movement—someone working in a laboratory here, someone else in England, others in South America or wherever—and then some lucky bird puts it together and he gets the credit. Fleming, with all his great aptitude, knowledge, and gifts, could never have made his penicillin discovery in 1828; the trail hadn't been sufficiently blazed then. But in 1928, of course, he *saw* what another man might not have seen." Robbins teetered back in his chair and lit a cigarette. "The man who puts the keystone in the arch may get the headlines," he said, deftly shifting metaphors, "while the fellows who quarried the stones and made the mortar and drew the plans may get relatively little recognition. Well, that's all right. That's the way it ought to be."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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[*Adv. in Life, June 14, 1943*]

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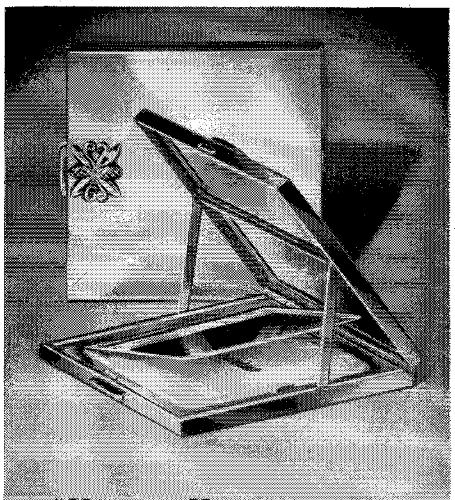

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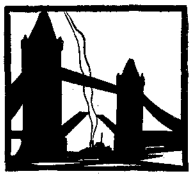
LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 8



AT the moment, the English appear to be more worried over the job of trying to keep their economic balance than they are over the fact that last week found them indisputably on the western side of a split continent. The Russian walkout on the conference dealing with the Marshall proposals evidently has disturbed people less—maybe because its implications are still so uncertain—than Mr. Dalton's report on the country's rocky fiscal position, which caused a more immediate and personal fright. Even so, it is doubtful that most Britons yet realize how bad things are, and for that the Government's present policy would seem to be to blame. So far as this policy can be made out, it wobbles between warning the public that things are desperate (as in the "Work or Want" poster campaign, which has apparently been a psychological flop) and handing itself handsome bouquets. The citizens' understanding of the truly appalling predicament facing their Government is not helped by official spokesmen, who announce mystifyingly that though dollar credits will soon be gone, there will be no difficulty in buying replacements for the nation's larder, or that exports are the breath of life but that shorter working hours for labor, won by the Socialist champions, are equally beneficial. The contradictions of such talk have only increased the public's uneasy feeling—which dates from the fumbling of last winter's fuel crisis—that it is not being told everything.

On Monday a week ago, Mr. Dalton had to give cheerless tidings of less petrol, scarcer tobacco, skinnier newspapers (back again to four sheets instead of six), along with a report on the textile output that was sufficiently gloomy to convince the shabby British that there is no prospect of becoming less shabby for quite a while. The savings in dollar credits resulting from these cuts will obviously be so negligible that many editorials said that Dalton would have done better to come down heavier all around and get it over with, rather than irritating and depressing the public with minor new austerities. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was plainly trying to build up a solemn mood, which the Minister of Food the next day complacently broke down by chirping that the expected food crisis had not materialized and would not materialize, and that he could promise "an ample food supply in the coming year." This was one of those big, bold statements that stick in people's memories, along with similar confident assertions on the subject of coal last winter.

Certainly the most serious aspect of the situation, and one over which the Government is doing no chirping, is the failure of the much-praised five-day week in the mines to produce the "indispensable minimum" of coal to keep industry ticking. Some of Labour's most loyal supporters say that they wish the Ministers would cut out the complacency and just dish out the facts, no matter how hard. They believe that, as history has more than once shown, the oddly constituted British will rise to meet a crisis only when it brings them to the verge of a disaster. This coming winter, when the last of the store of dollars will be rapidly sifting through the hole in the national sock, may well give them that opportunity.

THE cinema industry has displayed signs of alarm over Dalton's proposal of an increased tax on imported films, to be assessed on the tricky basis of how much any such picture is likely to earn. The news came at a moment when British film prospects in America looked rosier than ever before. It has also worried exhibitors, who know that they will be in a nice fix if they have to rely on home-produced pictures, since British studios are turning out only about sixty a year. In contrast to the old days, when British films were excruciatingly bad, audiences now seem to prefer them to the highly glazed unrealities of Hollywood, which have suffered a sharp drop in prestige, but there are simply not enough of them to go around. British studios are hampered by a shortage of sound stages, of technicians, of timber for the construction of sets, and of pretty much everything but talent and time. Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet," for instance, now in production behind a curtain of secrecy at Denham, will not be ready until March. The extremely hush-hush new sound effects used in the picture, and the unconventional camera technique, which is said to unroll the tragedy in the sharp blacks and whites of an etching, are so complicated that only about one minute's action can be shot each day. This costly and leisurely treatment is presumably felt to be worth while if the finished product brings home anything like the dollar harvest reaped by

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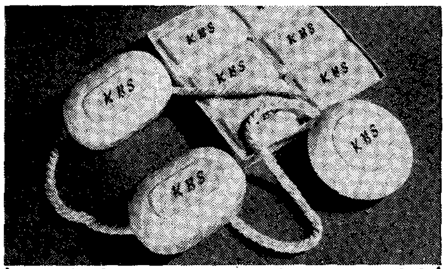

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"Henry V." William Walton has composed the music for the film, and Roger Furse has designed a magnificent Elsinore. Olivier, with his hair peroxided in keeping with the film's magpie pictorial effects, is playing the Prince of Denmark as well as his father, the latter as both ghost and mummer.

Another major British production now under way is "Oliver Twist," which is being made by David Lean and Ronald Neame, the team responsible for "Great Expectations," with the same artistry and brilliant casting that they gave the Master in their earlier effort. Alec Guinness, a leading light of the Old Vic, who recently played a fine Richard II and is looked upon as a promising enough heir apparent to Olivier to keep the romantic throne warm when Sir Laurence departs on his coming tour of the Dominions, has stepped out of his usual gentle, sensitive character role to take the part of Fagin. Oliver is being acted by a thirteen-year-old boy who, like Anthony Wager, the boy Pip in "Great Expectations," had never been before a camera. A third interesting picture that you should be seeing during the next year or so is "Vice Versa," with Peter Ustinov starring in Anstey's famous fantasy of a schoolboy who, through a disconcerting bit of hocus-pocus, swaps places with his Victorian papa. Like everything else done by Ustinov, a young man who writes curious plays about weary old disillusioned people and frequently acts one of these mature and cynical roles himself, this effort should be remarkable.

NOW that Dalton has pared the newspapers, the book-publishing trade is wondering whether it is next on the list. The already tight paper situation and, particularly, the shortage of bookbinding machinery make publishing a fairly discouraging business today, not least for the writers. The average lapse between the acceptance of a manuscript and publication is a year, and a big success is often made impossible by the lack of paper for quick reprintings. Paper is allotted on the basis of a firm's prewar consumption, but new publishers who have been in the Forces are given a special grant by the Government of six tons a year, enough to bring out, say, six books of five thousand copies each. Undeterred by this munificence, several new houses have lately started up, notably those of John Lehmann (brother of the novelist Rosamond and the actress Beatrix, and editor of the Penguin "New Writing" series) and Rupert Hart-Davis. Lehmann's list offers mostly French and Russian translations, and Hart-Davis's only two titles are a collection of Henry James' short stories and a resurrected essay on Cambridge by Rupert Brooke. Under the crippling paper restrictions, reprints of dead authors, whose estates get only modest royalties, are the best hope for a new firm trying to keep afloat until better times arrive.

As far as selling books goes, the prospects are not bright right now either. One London bookseller says his sales are half what they were a year ago. "I Chose Freedom" is the only book that is doing remarkably well, and the novels seem to be stickier than they have been for years. A similar slump is reported by owners of theatres and antique shops, as well as by the Londoners who in other seasons had no difficulty in letting their furnished apartments at steep rentals. There is suddenly less money in circulation for unsubstantial luxuries, possibly because war gratuities have now mostly been blown and because there are more satisfying things (whatever the Conservatives say) on which to spend money. For instance, it is now possible for people to have their shabby houses fixed up a little. Moreover, this summer, Britons in larger numbers than ever are flocking abroad with the seventy-five pounds that the Government permits them to take out of the country. There is an uneasy suspicion going around that the Treasury may reduce this amount of money, and as a result the cross-Channel traffic of claustrophobic Britons will probably soon be terrific. Bookings in the other direction, to Ireland, are so heavy that indignant Irish trying to get home themselves after a vacation frequently cannot squeeze onto the Dublin boats, which are crammed to the last inch by their pushing old enemies, the English.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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RAINBOW'S END

[*From a C.B.S. press release*]

"Plastics Widow," domestic drama of a man so interested in his work that his wife is practically forgotten, is told by Mary Lee Taylor on her weekly CBS program Saturday, June 21. . . . Following a happy solution to the story, Mary Lee Taylor offers a special summer recipe for Chocolate Angel Dessert.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

MILLIONS IN RUSH BACK TO CITY
AS HOLIDAY WEEK-END CLOSES
—*Headline in the Times, July 7.*

HOLIDAY CROWDS
DRIFT LEISURELY
BACK INTO CITY
—*Headline in the Herald Tribune, same day.*

OF ALL THINGS

REPRESENTATIVES of sixteen Western European nations are meeting in Paris in an attempt to solve their economic problems by following the Marshall Plan. The door has been left open, in case any exclusive Easterners change their minds and decide to join the group.

•

The President announced that he would veto the new tax-cut bill when Congress sent it to him. Mr. Truman seemed to think that the reductions were an example of too much and too soon.

•

Governor Dewey has been unable to avoid the distasteful subject of next year's Republican Convention on his tour of the West. Every day, some tactless person comes up to offer him a complete set of delegates.

•

The Prohibition Party has got almost a year ahead of its rivals by choosing its candidate for President. No doubt the nominee will keep very well if stored in a cool, dry place.

•

Professional baseball furnishes an excellent example of how hope can triumph over experience. Every year the National League cheerfully accepts an invitation to take part in the All-Star game.

•

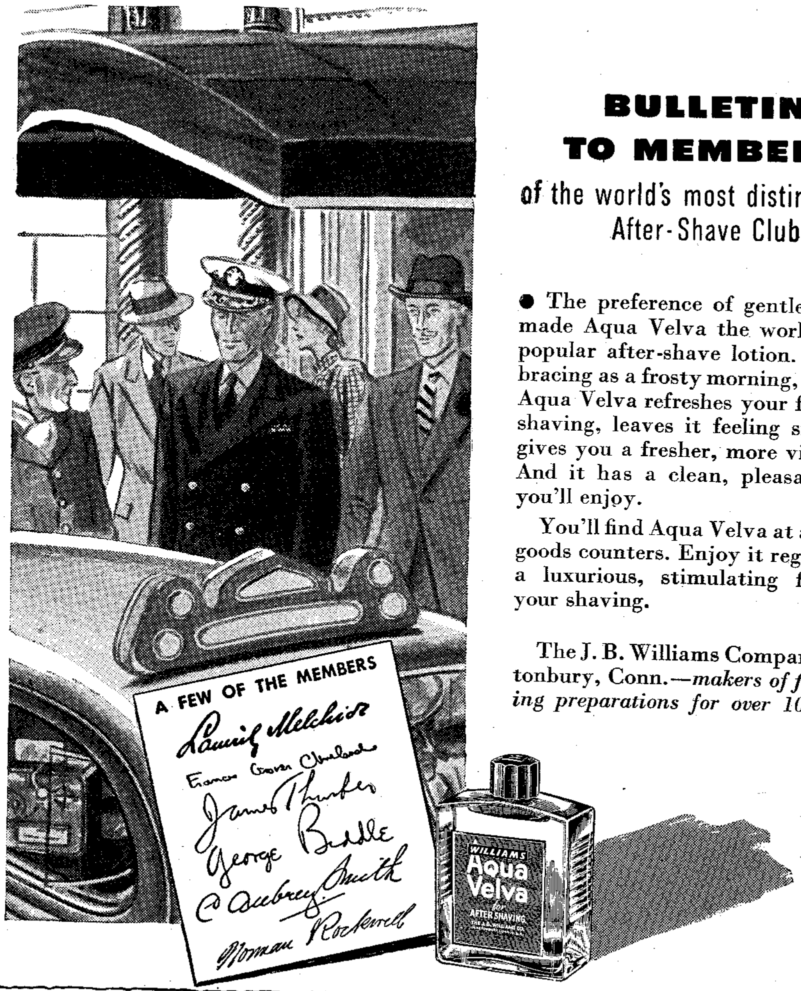
"Life with Father" has been withdrawn, after 3,213 performances, because of the lack of public support. That's the trouble with New Yorkers—always craving something new.

•

A New York elevator starter named Gus Fusaro is alleged to have lost two hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars in the stock market, but he is taking the disaster philosophically. After all, it was only other people's money.

•

There seems to be no rational explanation for the funny things people have been seeing in the sky recently. One can conclude that the flying saucer, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



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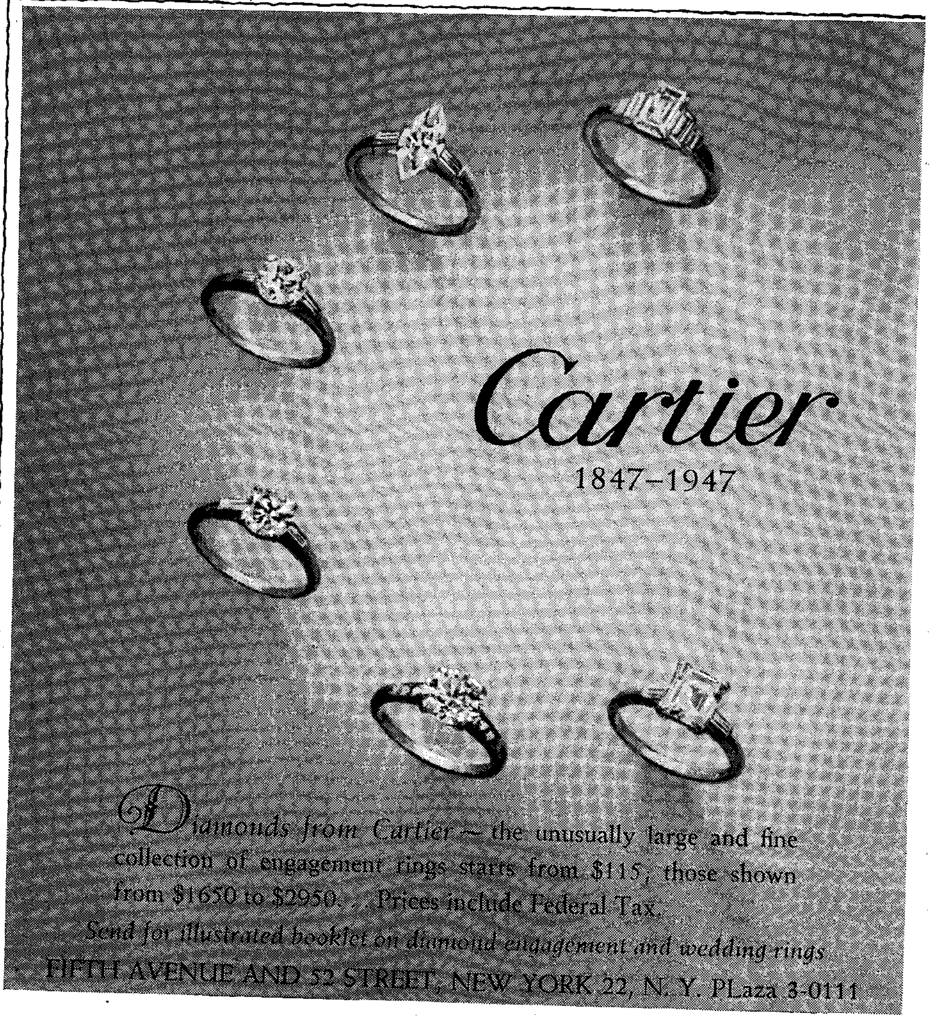

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Dancing Every Saturday Nite

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Fine food, congenial surroundings, unhurried service.

Complete Dinners from $1.25

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Try the famous Alexandra Salad Bowl.

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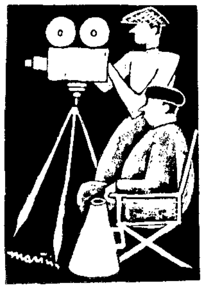
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Anti-Semitism and Advertising

IF "Crossfire," a film in which Hollywood finally takes a crack at anti-Semitism, didn't have the word "Jew" on its sound track, it would be a favored candidate for that crowded hamper where the hackneyed mystery pictures go. The frankness of its dialogue, however, often makes the piece exciting, which is beyond the power of the plot. There is no attempt to use any euphemisms for that troublesome term "Jew," and most of the xenophobic nonsense that one hears so constantly these days is bluntly attacked. The idea behind "Crossfire" is a simple one. A Jew, who might be anybody, from a Syrian to a Nova Scotian, falls in with half a dozen G.I.s at a bar and presently winds up dead. There isn't much of a mystery about who did it, but the dialogue frequently has enough shock effect to jolt you out of your indifference. Practically everybody in the film is set forth as a native American, and nobody is represented as overly bright. In explaining his horror of murder for racial reasons to one of the G.I.s, for instance, the District Attorney, played by Robert Young, is compelled to point out that a number of his Irish ancestors suffered ignominious treatment when they arrived in the United States, in the late eighties, which would come as no surprise to anyone with a knowledge of American history more inclusive than the stuff in yesterday's *Daily News*. Of the actors involved in "Crossfire," Robert Ryan is outstanding as a Fascist about as brutal as most. Supporting him, along with Mr. Young, are Robert Mitchum and Sam Levene. The performance of the last is as good as you'll come across in a long, long time.



"THE HUCKSTERS," I guess, is on a par with the novel from which it derives. Perhaps it's a bit better. Anyhow, the kiddies (Manly Hal and Little Ewwen) keep their mouths shut most of the time, and the heroine, Deborah Kerr, doesn't plead with the hero, Clark Gable, as she did in the novel, to hold her foot. As a balance to the advantage of having the wee ones fairly mute, we have in "The Hucksters" the handicap of Mr. Gable, who does little but dimple at every provocation. The story, as you could hardly avoid knowing by now, concerns itself with an advertising chap who apathetically turns against the trade, though he never makes a criticism of his profession more penetrating than one that might occur to a backward child. In the movie, Mr. Gable throws money away not once, as the hero did in the book, but twice. This is reminiscent of an ancient sturdy vaudeville skit called "Money, Money, Money," in which everybody threw his cash away because it was coming in so fast, but I'm afraid that in "The Hucksters" the gesture isn't quite as funny. In the role of a man who looks suspiciously like a character we shall call George Washington Hill, Sydney Greenstreet is superb, and Adolphe Menjou is fine as an advertising man with ulcers, no confidence, and a difficult account. Miss Kerr—whose importation from England, I believe, cost Mr. Mayer more than you'd visualize in your most mercenary dreams—is wasted.

MARK HELLINGER, whose interest in sadism was highlighted in "The Killers," sticks to the old arm-twisting routine in "Brute Force," which offers us Hume Cronyn as a captain of a penitentiary police outfit who delights in making life a trifle more miserable for convicts than it has ever been before. The message of the film is clear: Don't try to break out of jail. To convey this to the public, Mr. Hellinger and his confreres take almost two hours. Personally, I felt as though I were doing life before "Brute Force" was over.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

BOWLING GREEN, O.—An Ohio amateur astronomer who has discovered ten comets and two stars and a state supreme court judge will receive honorary degrees during Bowling Green university's commencement, June 12.—*Marion* (*Ohio*) *Star*.

He can make a telescope really talk.

•

HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

[*Lewis Gannett in the Herald Tribune*]

One of Peggy's would-be husbands, a German psychiatrist, said it was all a psychotic escape, indicative of grave maladjustments that might lead to all sorts of six-syllabled perils, such as necrophilia.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA
JULY 8, 1947

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

IN the recent Profile on Max Sherover, by John Bainbridge, *The New Yorker* helped perpetuate a myth that seems as hard to kill as the one that the late President Roosevelt's favorite song was "Home on the Range," a composition he loathed. Mr. Bainbridge wrote that one of the records of historical interest owned by the Linguaphone Institute of America is "a recording of the last public utterance of William McKinley, a three-minute address at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, in September, 1901, the day before he was assassinated." That description was, of course, made in good faith, but the fact is that this record—as well as others, labelled "President McKinley's Last Speech" and the like—was most probably made not by President McKinley but by the late Leonard Garfield Spencer, who has been called the Orson Welles of his day.

After McKinley was shot, Spencer, who was the leading recording artist of the period, declaimed a portion of the murdered President's last speech for Victor, Columbia, and Edison. Victor carried Spencer's name on the labels of the records it issued, but Columbia and Edison left it off theirs. When I once asked the late Frank Dorian, an official of the old Columbia company, about this omission on the part of his firm, he replied, "While we didn't *say* that the record was by McKinley, we were perfectly willing for the public to think it was, if that would increase sales." I have a copy of what is undoubtedly the record listed by Linguaphone—one issued by National Vocarium some years ago—and feel confident that while the words are the words of William, the voice is the voice of Leonard. An Ohio collector with whom I have corresponded on this subject wrote to the Edison company a few months ago to ask who was speaking on his McKinley cylinder and was told that it was Spencer.

It is possible that McKinley's voice was recorded at some time, but I have never come across any recording by him, and I have been collecting old records for many years. Benjamin Harrison seems to have been the first President whose voice was put on wax. His name appears in a Bettini catalogue that was issued in the eighteen-nineties.

Spencer, who in the course of his

New kind of Rice!
"Each grain salutes you"

Easier cooking—finer flavor, too!

This creamy-colored rice is easier and quicker to prepare and turns out beautifully every time—white and fluffy. Has a delicious nut-like flavor and new nutritional values. The patented exclusive process retains water-soluble B vitamins largely lost in ordinary polished rice. Keeps better—looks better—tastes better than any cooked rice you've ever known.

Beautiful fluffy rice every time—no failure

No steaming • No rinsing

No sticking to pan

No gummy mass, hot or cold

Each grain stands out alone, white, fluffy, tender. "Each grain salutes you."

The army took all of it during the war. Now at food stores in the New York area.

Get Uncle Ben's*—the new rice—it makes rice a NEW FOOD.

EACH GRAIN SALUTES YOU
Uncle Ben's
CONVERTED RICE

Uncle Ben's CONVERTED RICE

*"Uncle Ben's" and "Converted" are trade-marks of CONVERTED RICE, INC.

CONVERTED RICE, INC., Houston, Texas

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present

in association with JOSHUA LOGAN
"DEFINITELY A HIT!"
—Morehouse, Sun
JOHN LOVES MARY
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MR. LOGAN
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. West of B'way
Air-Cond. • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"SUPERB SPOOFING!"
—Walter Winchell
HELEN HAYES
in
"Happy Birthday"
A New Comedy by ANITA LOOS
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
BROADHURST THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
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"IT'S WONDERFUL!"—Garland, J.-Am.
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. W. of B'way
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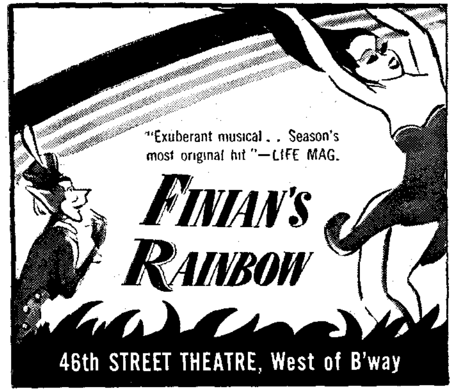

"Exuberant musical . . Season's most original hit"—LIFE MAG.
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CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
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DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
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Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
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"Eloquent, fresh and surprising humor"
—GIBBS, The New Yorker
BROCK PEMBERTON presents
JAMES STEWART in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. N. Y. City. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

career also recorded parts of Bryan's Cross of Gold speech, T. Dewitt Talmage's animadversions on infidelity, and Gladstone's advice on thrift, was probably the first man whose voice was heard at his own funeral. Some years before he died, in 1914, he made records of the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm and stipulated in his will that they should be played at his funeral and every ten years after his death.

Sincerely,
JIM WALSH

•

GRAND PRINT PUBLISHERS
Box 542
Brookline Village, Massachusetts
announce the publication today of
PEACE CELL: A Drama in Rime
by Richardson Savell
(author of VARIOUS AND LOVE SONNETS)

A 63 page, three-act verse play to abolish war. Attractively multigraphed, edition limited to 330 copies.

Price: $1.50 postpaid.

Following are excerpts from this work (c. 1947):

Instead of combat by sword and fire,
With international convictions inspire. (page 6)
If injury and crime we would overthrow,
Arrogance to mute acceptance is our arrow. (13)
. . . . . . to persuade others
That the world can live in harmony as brothers. (15)
Guilty too are those who would not dare,
Who of success continually despair. (28)
Countries can cut a pattern of insolence
But death gags at calling their impudence. (30)
Words of amity if men would well record,
Might culminate in universal accord. (31)
Peace is an art more noble than war,
Entered without a motive ulterior. (32)
. . . . . . life's too crushed and short
That to death we should collectively resort. (35)
Prior to upraising the deadly bludgeon,
Find first a solvent and taxpaying gudgeon. (46)
Some union of peoples based on the greatest good,
And higher patriotism understood. (49)
Since countries dealing death to neighbors rave,
Will the lucidity of peace-lovers save? (54)
The acid test of what we hold most dear
Is how in compromise we may adhere. (58)
Let organized destruction be out of fashion,
And tranquil aims the cultivated passion. (62)
Far nobler homage is paid to those that died,
If death again their glory shall not divide.
May the arts of conflict be turned to aid,
And chaos to calm the change forever made. (63)

The author will read the complete drama before social and cultural groups. Fee: $10.00 plus transportation.—*Communication from a Bay State bard.*

Let's see, who do we know who's got some culture?

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OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Wilton Clary • Mary Hatcher • Owen Martin • Ruth Weston
ST. JAMES Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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OKLAHOMA!
NOW AT THE
FORREST THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA

THE LONDON COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
LONDON—THEATRE ROYAL, Drury Lane

S. N. BEHRMAN'S New Comedy
JANE
based on a story by SOMERSET MAUGHAM.
LONDON—ALDWYCH THEATRE

CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Henry Michel, Iva Withers, Ann Crowley
Eric Mattson, Jean Casto
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SHUBERT THEATRE, CHICAGO
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"A ribaldly entertaining evening"
—George Jean Nathan
MAX GORDON
presents

BORN YESTERDAY
The Nation's Brilliant Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN
AIR-COND.
NEW YORK • Lyceum Theatre
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"Fast, Funny, A Hit!"—MOREHOUSE, SUN
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Nation's Top Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
▶ NEW YORK—MAJESTIC THEATRE
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[BOTH THEATRES SCIENTIFICALLY AIR-CONDITIONED]
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LELAND HAYWARD presents
RALPH BELLAMY • KAY FRANCIS
STATE OF THE UNION
THE HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
PULITZER PRIZE COMEDY
with Myron McCormick Minor Watson Margalo Gillmore
HUDSON THEATRE, 44th Street, East of B'way
Evgs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35. Air-Cond.

"THE MOST TALKED ABOUT PRODUCTION ON BROADWAY!"
—Life Magazine
"THE MEDIUM"
and "THE TELEPHONE"
Air-Cond. BARRYMORE, 47 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

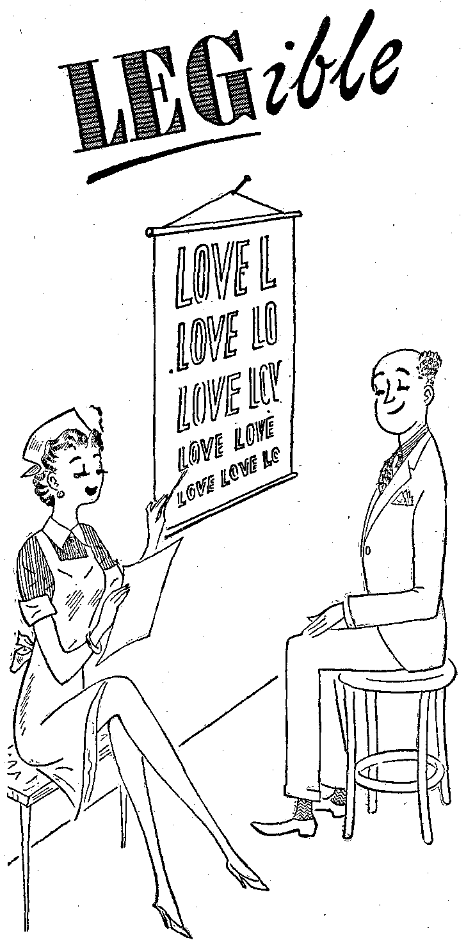
LETTER FROM VIENNA

JULY 7

THE collapse of Vienna's morale since the Moscow Conference failed to decide what to do with Austria has been remarkable. Being ill-fed, the Viennese have felt their political disappointment most acutely in their stomachs. Before the bomb-battered House of Parliament, there have been hunger riots. The population is not much worse fed than it was four months ago, but then it was nourishing itself on hope. Now Vienna's only consolation is that though its fate may require the attention of almost as many Big Four conferences as Berlin's will, the Moscow meeting proved that ex-Nazi Germany is still regarded by all as a past, and possibly future, active enemy, whereas ex-Nazi Austria rates, among the Western three of the Big Four, as a passive, victimized friend. To hear some of the Viennese talk, you would think that during the war the Austrians had been one of our allies. After the first World War, all that Austria, a poor, feminine country, which cannot live alone, could hope for—once it had lost fertile, sturdy Hungary—was a sensible, ethnological Anschluss with Germany, for which Austria had to wait eagerly twenty years and which gave it, in addition to Hitler, its only prosperity—an Anschluss for which it was forgiven in 1945 by the democratic Western Allies, as though the union had been a sudden political rape and not a long-apparent economic and geographic necessity. At the time of the Treaty of Versailles, we refused to let Austria tie up with Germany because both were our enemies. Now we keep them separate because Austria, as the French say, is *un pays d'ami*—a country that is a friend. What Austria yearned for in 1918, in the forbidden Anschluss, was a physical gain: a neighbor—indeed, a cousin—as keeper. Today, she has only a psychological gain: three Western keepers. And they are not linked to her by blood ties, and their money and political patience may not last. The interest of Russia, her fourth and most distant keeper, is not likely to abate. Austria is down at the heels but almost prudishly anti-Communist. A sign of Russia's keen interest in her—and in Comrade Tito—is Moscow's obstinate demand that her big southern province of Carinthia be handed over to Yugoslavia, which would leave Austria desperate. There is a worldly theory, possibly familiar to the Russians, that the poorer a girl is, the sooner she gives in.

A major mental difference between the Austrians and the Germans these days is that the Germans have tenacious memories. Whatever they say, pro or anti, it is clear they have not forgotten *der Führer*. Aided by us, the Viennese, on the whole, have developed the shortest memories in modern history. As a dreamer voluntarily forgets a fanciful dream that began wonderfully but ended in fright and nightmare, many Viennese actually seem not to remember their grateful joy when their Braunau-born compatriot, engaged in ruining everything, at last deigned to claim them as his own. They have forgotten that seven hundred thousand Austrians volunteered to fight for him. The only way a visitor to Vienna can find any ex-Nazis—except in prison—is to locate former acquaintances who were personally known to the visitor to be Nazi enthusiasts in 1938 and prod their dreamy memories. The statements of two such—an almost middle-aged, well-educated bourgeois couple, a never very successful architect and his devoted wife—seem worth recording, if only for their typical irresponsibility. Both had been willing young republicans after the last war, but as they and their country grew poorer, they took fright at Vienna's Socialists. Today, both admit having wept with joy when Hitler, "with his hypnotic eyes," rode in triumph close to them, cheering, along the Ring. The wife's mother, a gentle, impoverished old creature, had worshipped Hitler's portrait among her sticks of Biedermeier furniture. She had regarded him "as a sort of Austrian Christ, with the noble, chaste, idealistic face of a people's savior." Today, both husband and wife, still anti-Semitic, wanted to know if what they called "the horrible Jewish-concentration-camp stories" were really true. On being assured that they were, neither wished to hear details. But the wife, with tears, said, "Our conscience aches us." The husband then made a familiar, childish, typical Viennese ex-Nazi statement. "Russia," he said, "can never have any hold on Austria, because Communism is not popular with us, since we are cultured Europeans, and Russia should have no role in Europe." When it was pointed out

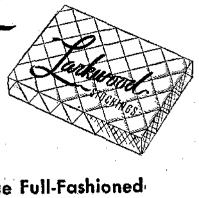
"Here y'are, folks! Tell the umpire what you think of him."



L-A-R-K-W-... No, no, Mr. Abernathy! The chart ... the chart — not the markings on her stockings. We know the diverting influence of a Larkwood clad leg — in fact it's something every woman who wears them knows, too. And even if your vision isn't 20-20, you'll agree their sheer flattery, their exquisite texture, their keyed-to-fashion colors are definitely "easy on the eyes". To say nothing of their "years ahead" design — an added plus with Larkwood.

Larkwood*

NYLONS



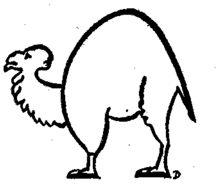
IN 51 Gauge Full-Fashioned
—and the same fine quality Seam-Free.

Vamp-toe* construction found *only* in Larkwood Full-Fashioned Stockings is an original design to provide reinforcement at the points of greatest wear without sacrifice of beauty or sheerness.

*Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

CHADBOURN HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

to him that it was his Hitler who had brought the Russians into Europe, he looked startled at the new thought. When it was added that Austria, as a power, is now as weak as water and that history may no longer be in an optional stage, he appeared dazed. "Then your America must save us!" he cried. Clearly, his words sounded to him as if he were demanding fulfillment of a promise. He was speaking for millions of friendly, irresponsible, ex-Nazi Austrians.



THE internationalism of Vienna's theatre is normal for a civilized capital city that was long isolated by war and ideology. The majority of the plays are French, British, or American, of which the most important, as intellectual fare, are Cocteau's "Die Höllische Maschine" ("La Machine Infernale"), Coward's "Intimitäten" ("Private Lives"), and Thornton Wilder's "Wir Sind Noch Einmal Davon Gekommen" ("The Skin of Our Teeth"), which the Viennese find mad and fascinating. The only successful native play is "Das Heilige Experiment" ("The Holy Experiment"), which is about eighteenth-century Jesuits in Paraguay. The plot concerns some good Fathers who, finding they cannot convert the natives, compromise by giving them a more humane standard of living, for which the Church castigates them, with the reminder that their duty is to save souls, not to make human beings more comfortable. Though the theme seems to the foreign visitor an obvious refurbishing of the Nazi dogma that doctrinal belief is more important than kindness to one's fellow-men, the Viennese, who should know, assure foreigners that the play is merely an interesting historical one about Jesuits and Paraguayans. The gayest musical running in Vienna is the Volksoper's revival of Offenbach's "Orpheus in der Unterwelt," which had been banned by the Nazis because the composer was a Jew. The shortened and modernized production of this broad, farcical *opéra bouffe* is by Willi Forst, who is memorable for his acting in the charming film "Zwei Herzen im Dreivierteltakt." His most popular scenic touch is a four-language traffic sign, exactly like a corner traffic sign in occupied Vienna, whose arrow says in German, English, French, and Russian, "Hell." It brings down the house.

Of the four German-language newspapers that the Allies license, direct, and censor, the American-controlled *Wiener Kurier* and the British-controlled *Welt Presse* sell best among the Viennese, a large majority of whom hope that the democratic Anglo-Saxon version of events is the one that is finally going to turn out to be true. The French control the weekly *Welt am Montag* and the Russians the daily *Österreiche Zeitung*. The Russians also offer weekly magazines, a monthly periodical for youth, and a superior propaganda setup that directs undeviating, well-worked-out editorial attacks against the Americans. In an effort to check the natural Austrian talent for complaining, which could be politically troublesome now, each Ally has announced in its paper—with varying degrees of emphasis, depending upon its Home Office's foreign policy—that the conditions in Germany should make the Austrians feel blessed. But the Viennese continue to sigh and disbelieve. Frank about their own character, they are certain that the Germans organize everything better, even defeat.

THOUGH the Russians have more officers here than any other Ally, they maintain only one officers' club—in a garden suite in the Hofburg, the former imperial palace. The American officers have so many clubs that they issue a book of bar chits, good in half a dozen of them. These places have made them indifferent to the existence of all but one of the native night clubs, and that one is now off limits for them. It is the Oriental, which functions in an exotically decorated cellar; during the war it was a basement bordello, run for Gestapo bigwigs and other Nazi V.I.P.s by an obliging, well-known character named Achmid Bey, an Egyptian who operated a chain of brothels throughout eastern Europe and shipped his girls around among them, like trained seals. The Oriental has kept its name but changed its program, now being merely the hottest night spot in town; it offers strip-tease dancers, a type never known in Vienna's waltz days. The Kaiserbar, off Kärntnerstrasse, is still elegant and international, with atmosphere, a dance band, and drinks as close to de luxe as the times permit. It was sideswiped by a Russian shell during the siege of Vienna and so lost its famous, lovely little windows cut from white alabaster—rarities usually found in a Romanesque church. The most interesting night club, the Schiefe Laterne (the Tilted Lantern), near the Opera, is seldom noticed by foreigners. It is frequented by eastern Europe's theatre, vaudeville, and film people, and by local night-club entertainers, who gather there, after their own shows have ended, to try out new numbers, sing old ones, poke fun at the Allies, and eat and drink black market. It is not spectacular, but it has lots of character. Except in such nocturnal corners, there is little but beer for the Viennese to drink, though Vienna's pleasant suburban wine crop is reported to have been plentiful last year. According to waiters now passing out *dunkles* or *helles Bier* instead of wine, all the Gumpoldskirchener, formerly a favorite wine of workmen on Saturday nights, has disappeared into the black market, from which it reappears at about thirty-five schillings a bottle, a tenth of what a workingman earns a month.

It is the same everywhere in Europe. There is not enough of what people need, and what they do not actually need—the little or big extras that most citizens used to be able to afford in some way or other as an occasional relaxing and civilizing treat—is now as out of reach as if it were on a shelf on the moon. Physically, the Viennese can be, alas, a great deal more undernourished before they get into the bad shape they were in a couple of years after the first war, during which they had already been exhausted by hunger. In the recent war, the Germans fed the Austrians well and scientifically as long as it was feasible. To avoid a repetition of the Versailles Treaty generation of bowlegged and rachitic infants, the Germans spoon-fed the little Austrians with a cod-liver-oil ersatz. There were rickety children on the streets after the first war, and Vienna's then famous and numerous antique shops were full of the baroque emerald or sapphire rings that had been the rich Austro-Hungarian Empire's favorite baubles. Now children are again beginning to sicken, and in Vienna's occasional bric-a-brac-shop windows there is rarely anything to be seen but garnet brooches and blackened seed pearls. These windows furnish as illuminating an economic report on Vienna's diminished capital as any banker's chart could. Austria is the only country in this part of the world that grew steadily poorer during the last peace. It looks as if it would become the poorest during whatever peace is slowly developing now.

WHILE the bombed Kunsthistorische Museum is being repaired, there is a superb show in the Hofburg's upper imperial parlors of a small selection of the Museum's finest pictures, including twelve of its famous Breughels. Of this great dozen, the outstanding canvas is "The Tower of Babel." Unfortunately, it lacks the proper contemporary touch—a sign giving the title in German, English, French, and Russian. —GENÊT

•

Arthur G. Dove is one of the few lyrical individualists among the many contemporary painters of abstraction. He is as unique in his expressive response to experience as he is inimitable in his resulting inventions of pattern. Isolated on his farm, far from the city's art movements and art politics, he is intimate with the sun and the soil and with the rough hewn objects of his daily use. In his creations the form and the substance are one. All his inspiration as an artist is drawn from his simple life and his surprising thoughts as a man. It is his stubborn plan to achieve a unity, a synthesis of his own material and spiritual resources in complete independence from the mass-minded, collectivist world. Consequently he is a lonely person and both his serious vision and his humorous caprice seem strange to those accustomed to a more urban, cosmopolitan and worldly point of view. What he wants for himself is an intimate understanding of the rural environment which is his microcosmos and the laboratory for his research as a designer. His raw materials contain not only pigments, brushes, canvas, panels and paper, but rocks, sand, moss, weathered wood, rusted iron, farm implements, the animals of the pasture and the barn, the wild life of the forest and the air. He is in love with various "conditions of light" as these phenomena affect reflecting or refracting surfaces. He hopes to coincide somehow with both living creatures and inert objects, loving them for what they recall, for what they signify, for what they are. Their intrinsic qualities can serve his subjective purpose.—*From a catalogue of the Phillips Memorial Art Galleries, Washington, D.C.*

And if he likes milk, those pasture animals are just the ticket.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From Billboard*]

I can think of a dozen famous men whose progress was not halted by physical handicaps. Lord Byron had a club foot. Robert Louis Stevenson and John Keats had tuberculosis. Charles Steinmetz and Alexander Pope were hunchbacks. Admiral Nelson had only one eye. Edgar Allan Poe was a psycho-neurotic. Charles Darwin was an invalid. Julius Caesar was an epileptic. Thomas Edison and Ludwig Beethoven were deaf, and Peter Stuyvesant had a wooden leg. Handicaps build strength and purpose—and accomplishment!

During 1932 I was financially broke, but I was not broken in spirit. I had great hopes of using merchandising service as the cornerstone of my newest pursuits which turned out to be the candy and biscuit business.

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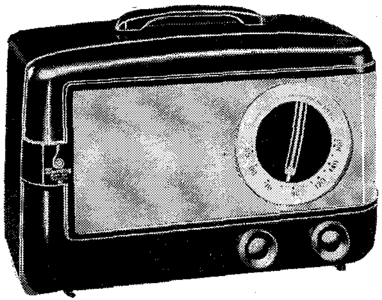

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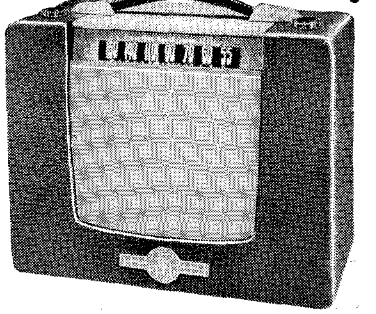

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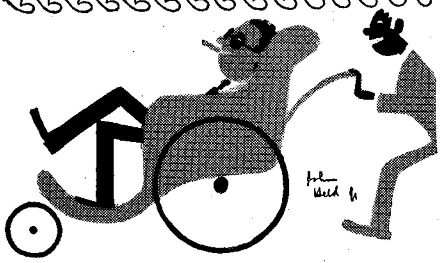

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THE RACE TRACK

Top Horse

ONCE in a while, even an old horse-watcher gets to see a race that leaves him dazzled and a little awed. To my way of thinking, Assault's victory in the Butler at Jamaica last weekend was one of the notable performances of the decade. Not only did he carry a hundred and thirty-five pounds but he was blocked by Gallorette on the last turn, bumped by Stymie a few yards farther on, and boxed in till he was about half a furlong from home. It hardly seemed possible that he'd be able to break out of such close quarters in the last seventy yards. Nevertheless, he beat Stymie, to whom he gave nine pounds, by a head. Gallorette, carrying a hundred and seventeen pounds, was third. As you've probably heard, Assault regained the lead from Stymie for the world's money-winning honors; his share of the purse, $37,600, raised his total to $613,370. Stymie, who was top money-earner for exactly a week, is again a lively runner-up, with $605,510. Even though Stymie was beaten—the Butler was one of the few races that he has ever lost at Jamaica, his old stamping ground—I must say that he never looked better or made a braver try.

Assault will run for the Empire Gold Cup at Belmont on Saturday, and I fancy that he'll win it. The distance is a mile and five furlongs, seven sixteenths of a mile longer than the Butler, but Assault will carry only a hundred and twenty-six pounds, the lightest weight he's had this year. My guess is that the only runners he'll have to worry about are Ensueño and Endeavour, who came up by plane from South America last week, and, of course, Phalanx.

IT'S a tossup which are more interesting, the South American horses themselves or the methods by which they're trained. Ensueño, owned by Nelson Seabra, a Brazilian, is a handsome, medium-sized dark bay, whose conformation resembles that of Top Row and whose action is almost as smooth as War Admiral's. Endeavour, who races for Jorge de Atucha, an Argentine, is about as tall a horse as I've seen on a racecourse. He stands seventeen hands half an inch, but looks much taller, because he's so narrow. He's one of the sharpest handicap horses in the Argentine. From all accounts, Ensueño really was an outstanding horse, too, when he was racing at Buenos Aires, but last fall his left hind leg was badly cut, and he was sold to Seabra for the equivalent in pesos of fifty thousand dollars. This year, he ran in three races at Rio de Janeiro but won only the last.

Two days after the horses arrived here (the owners jointly chartered a plane, which made the trip from Buenos Aires, where Endeavour got aboard, in forty-six hours, with a stop near Rio to pick up Ensueño), both were out on the track. The local experts were startled enough at the South Americans' training tactics when Endeavour galloped a mile and a half and Ensueño did three miles, but what really made them open their eyes was the fact that both animals were ridden practically bareback by their grooms, who used a thick piece of cloth instead of a saddle with stirrups. Endeavour's groom, who is as big as the gauchos who used to accompany the Argentine polo teams on their trips here, wore gray slacks, a wide, bright-green belt, an orange shirt, and a Basque beret. A couple of mornings later, Juan Artigas, Endeavour's jockey, galloped the horse bareback for a mile and wound up with four furlongs at a racing pace. It's easy to understand why Artigas has been the best rider in the Argentine for many of the fourteen years he's been at it; he sits his horse with the poise and perfect balance of the Indians in the Frederic Remington pictures.

The trainers, too, are impressive fellows. Alfonso Salvati, who handles Endeavour, is a stocky, pleasant man of thirty-one who is the foremost trainer in the Argentine (he grew up in the business), even though he looks no more like a horseman than Hirsch Jacobs does. Ensueño's trainer, Dr. José Campos Mora, is a Chilean, whose career started in a modest way at the University of Chile, in Santiago, when he decided to give up engineering, his father's profession, in favor of animal medicine. His first job was track vet at Viña del Mar, the Saratoga of Chile. In 1941, he came to this country, took courses at Cornell's Veterinary College, and then put in some time working for Dr. Cassius Way, one of our leading turf vets, who calls Mora the best assistant he ever had.

—AUDAX MINOR

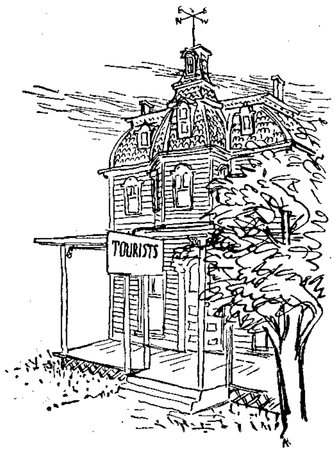
RESPONSIBILITY

I SEE a child coming toward me over the crest of the hill on a tricycle. He is a serious boy of about four, healthy enough but thoughtful, as though gauging at once all the dangers and possibilities of the bumpy path, which like the rest in this part of the park is in a bad state of disrepair. Only this is one of the steepest hills, with a harsh turn and a lake at the bottom, and it seems admirable of the child not to feel it necessary to stop, or even slow down; probably he looks at everything with that same soft gravity.

His mother's indifference is impressive too, seeming to confirm the boy's estimate of his skill and the impossibility of anything unpleasant happening to him. Not that she is a calm woman. She has a thin, unsteady face, is a little old to have a son of that age, and the irritability of her motions as she follows him on her high heels, carrying his jacket, admits the sense of a mistake somewhere in her life. She has half her mind on lost unrealities.

Still, one would suppose that on catching sight of the hill she would run forward to stop the child, or at least call out. And after a moment she does call to him, but her face and pace have not changed at all. She shows no alarm and her voice expresses only her chronic, irksome responsibility.

"Watch out," she calls. "There's a hill here." She is perhaps really talking more to herself, thinking of herself and her heels. "Watch out, now."



Evidently there is no danger; the child knows how to stop, and will in a minute.

But he goes on, still perfectly unself-conscious in his daring, his feet being pushed around fast by the pedals. The lake and the turn at the bottom rush nearer. He is not showing off; he is just quietly proceeding on this scary descent as he did on the level, and this naturalness, which he shares with his mother, is wonderfully convincing. It is as if in the very stupidity of the woman and the smallness of the child there were some mysterious protection against accidents.

"Watch out," she calls again in the same voice as she flounces uncomfortably after him over the holes in the pavement. It must be a great part of her burden to have such a watchful child.

The tricycle is going at a crazy pace now, and veering crooked, but the child still has the same look of intelligence and extraordinary unconcern. He is not trying to use the brake, if there is one; his legs are relaxed as they whirl faster and faster, and his lips are gently parted as if he were looking at something of interest, though it is hard to see how he can stay on the path much longer.

The mother, however, is as reassuring as before.

"Watch out," she says, no more shrilly than the other times. She must say it for a thousand trivial things every day; it has become her one true phrase, her approach to life, and the two of them are bound in this senseless, unreal communication that now suddenly exposes itself.

THERE is no mysterious protection at all. The child has been out of control all the time, and what he shares with his mother is childishness.

"Watch out," she calls for the last time, still not hurrying, and then at last the boy, who has gone on looking gravely ahead with no outward sign of fear, says in a small voice of terror, "Help me."

It is the pinched, hardly audible voice of the terror of the childish world, and the mother may not have heard; anyway she is too far behind to help even if she wanted to.

Luckily he is not heading straight. He races down another ten yards, the moth-wing locks of hair tugging at his temples, lurches onto the grass, and turns over in a clump of bushes. There are a few seconds of silence, then a wail that hurts the ears rises from the heap; it stops a long time when the boy gets to the end of his breath, and bursts through again, more wild with shock and accusation and pain.

The woman comes on down in her old, irritable way and picks the child up by the arm with one hand and the tricycle with the other. "I told you to watch out," she says. "I told you . . ." She gives both the boy and the machine a little shake, as though dusting them.

His nose is bleeding slightly, and at the strange feel of the liquid his sobs

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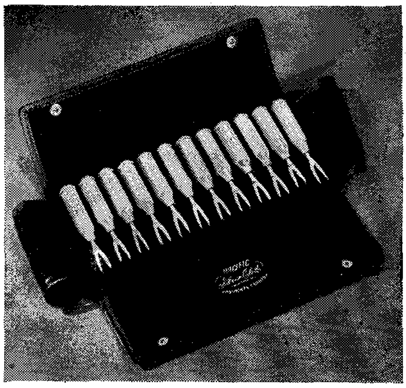

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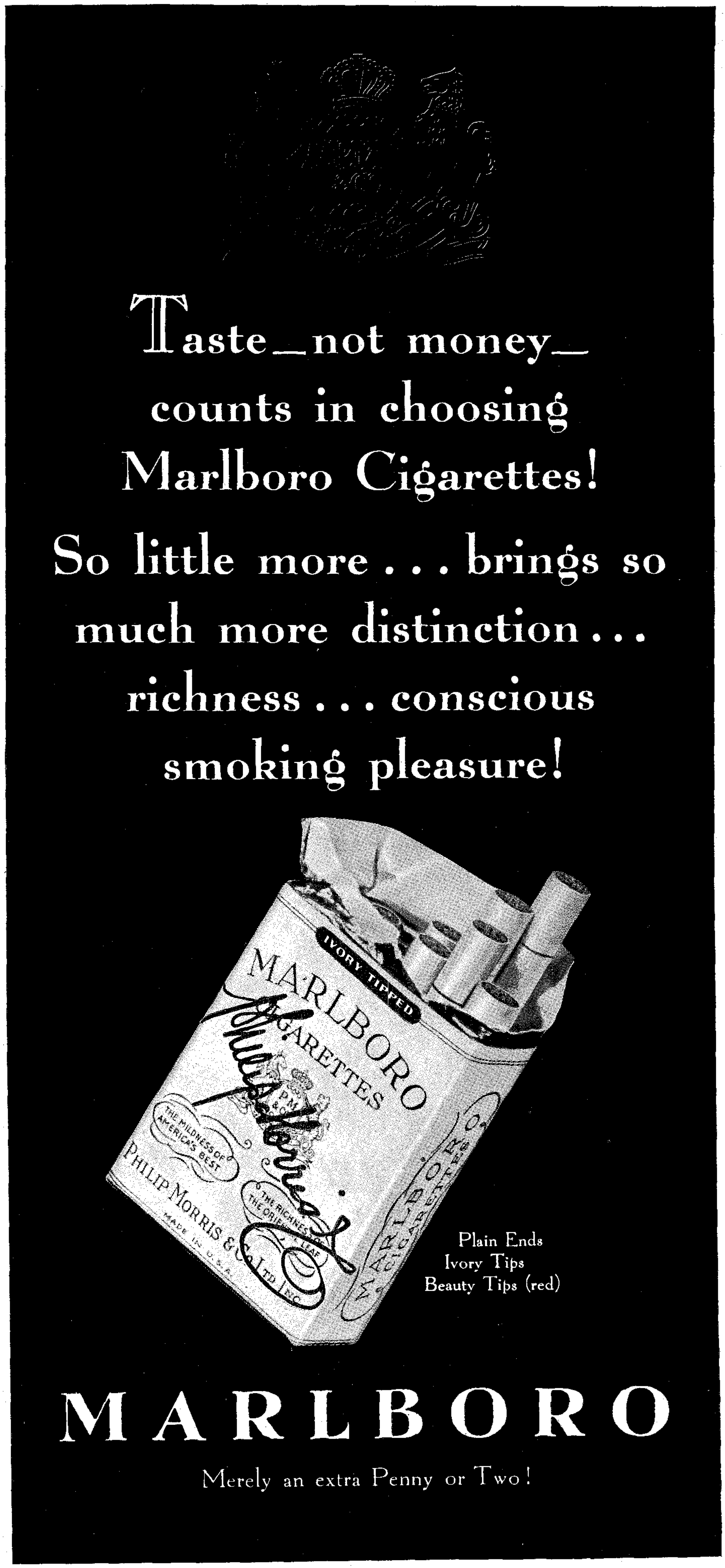

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become more anguished; his deception is unbearable, there is no weeping loud enough to express it.

"Why didn't you help me?" he manages to cry finally, in a moment's respite between wails.

She gets him back on the path and they start down again, she carrying the tricycle and pulling him along with his screams and his sorrow.

"I told you to watch out." She is completely justified by this and will go on saying it the rest of the day if necessary.

Nevertheless he asks again and again, despairingly, in his contorted chant, "Why didn't you help me?"

"I told you . . ."

"Why didn't you . . ." The gush of tears down his cheeks gives a new impetus to his howls.

"I told you . . ."

This hopeless dialogue is still continuing with no variation as I go over the crest of the hill.

—Eleanor Clark

•

Among those sailing from here today on this cruise will be Mr. and Mrs. Leon Irwin, Jr., whose home on Lowerline street, during their absence, will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict M. Grunewald, Mrs. George Villere and her granddaughter, Miss Anne Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Nash and their son, Mr. Richard M. Nash, Jr., Miss Alice Conway, Miss Alice Farrell, Mrs. Reuben E. Tipton, Mr. and Mrs. Norman S. Conroy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conroy, Misses Audrey and Adrienne Farrell, Mathilde Conway Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Roussel and their children, Misses Sedley and Marie Roussel, William D. Jr., and James, Mr. and Mrs. Poche Waguespack and their children, Poche, Jr., America and Richard.
—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

This housing thing is not licked yet.

•

DIVINE GRACE ON CAPITOL HILL DEPARTMENT

(CREAMALIN DIVISION)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

The Senate met at 11 o'clock a. m., on the expiration of the recess.

The Chaplain, Rev. Peter Marshall, D.D., offered the following prayer:

We open our hearts unto Thee, our Father, and pray that Thy spirit may indwell each one of us and give us poise and power. We believe in Thee, O God. Give us the faith to believe what Thou hast said. We trust in Thee, O God. Give us the faith to trust Thee for guidance in the decisions we have to make.

Help us to do our very best this day and be content with today's troubles, so that we shall not borrow the troubles of tomorrow. Save us from the sin of worrying, lest stomach ulcers be the badge of our lack of faith. Amen.

BOOKS

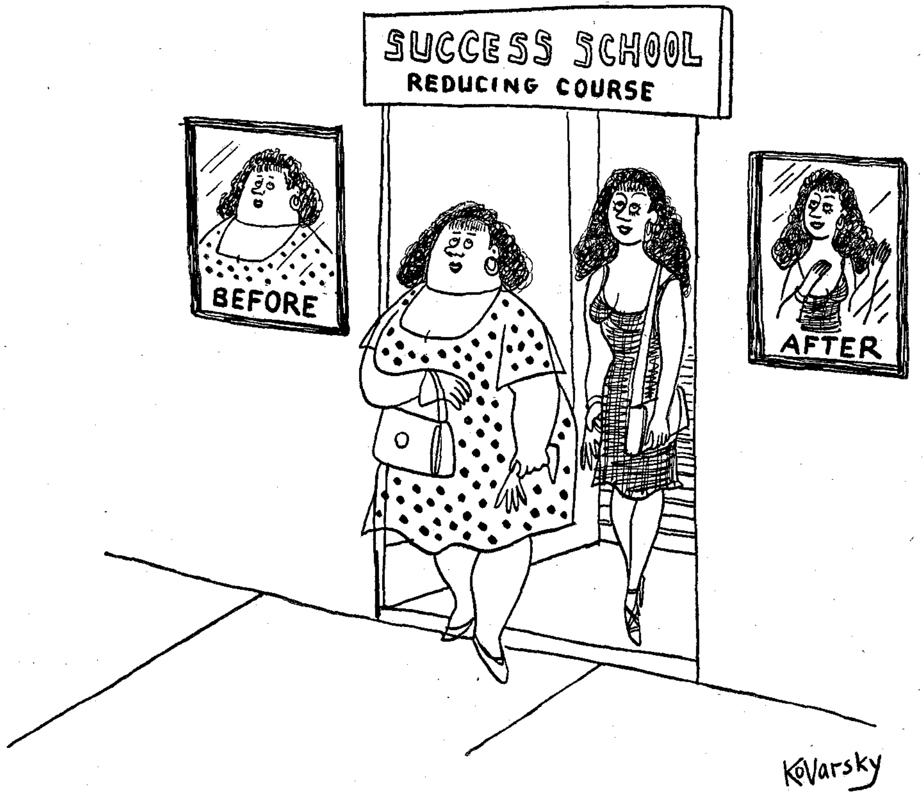
Books of Etiquette and Emily Post

Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, the Harvard historian and the author of "The Rise of the City," has written an entertaining little treatise called "Learning How to Behave: A Historical Study of American Etiquette Books" (Macmillan). It is curious and rather instructive to look at the development of the United States from the point of view of the literature of etiquette. The first manuals derived from Europe and emphasized deference to rank to the point of, in one case, admonishing the young: "If thy superior be relating a story, say not, 'I have heard it before.' . . . If he tell it not right, snigger not;" but after the Revolution and, especially, after the advent of Jackson, the object became not to define class differences but to provide a set of prescriptions which would show anyone how to become a gentleman. The Southerners had, however, based their practice on seventeenth-century guides which helped the planter "to model his life on that of the English landed gentry" and "provided a fairly consistent chart of behavior . . . in emulation of the ancient ideals of Christian chivalry;" and they continued to follow this code. In the period after the Civil War, when the big fortunes were being made, a fresh crop of volumes appeared which had the purpose of orienting the newly rich among the refinements and complications of calling cards and formal dinners. There was an average of five such books a year, and this continued through 1945.

The two greatest publishing successes in the department of etiquette date from the beginning of the nineteen-twenties. At this time, a Miss Lillian Eichler, an advertising copywriter, then eighteen and just out of high school, sold thousands of copies of an "Encyclopaedia of Etiquette" by a series of advertisements with the caption "What's Wrong with This Picture?" But the book—which had been written in 1901—was by that time, it seems, obsolete (Mr. Schlesinger does not tell us in what respect), for it was returned by "droves of dissatisfied customers." The publisher then proposed to Miss Eichler that she should herself do an up-to-date book, and the result was "The Book of Etiquette," which between 1921 and 1945 sold over a million copies. In 1922, Emily Post brought out her "Etiquette," which by 1945 had sold more than two-thirds of a million.

An examination of these two manuals reveals fundamental differences between them and suggests that they have been appealing to two rather different publics. Miss Eichler is practical and comfortable (her book is now frankly called "Today's Etiquette"). She tells you how to teach the children table manners and how to give a dinner without servants. She makes rough tabulations of vintage wines and supplies reliable recipes for half a dozen well-known cocktails; she recommends, in a chapter on "The Nature and Meaning of Culture," that one "read more than one kind of literature: not mystery stories alone, nor light fiction alone," and she lists "nine painters of undisputed glory, with whose work every person of culture should be at least familiar." The precepts are mostly appropriate for anyone of moderate income, and the whole tone is non-invidious. She makes social life sound easy and jolly. But Mrs. Post is another affair. I had had no conception of her extraordinary book till I looked into it recently, fell under its spell, and read it almost through. Mrs. Post is not merely the author of a comprehensive textbook on manners: she is a considerable imaginative writer, and her book has some of the excitement of a novel. It has also the snob appeal which is evidently an important factor in the success of a Marquand or a Galsworthy. (I should explain that the edition I read was the third printing of 1922.)

Mrs. Post has produced a world which has its characters, its atmosphere, its drama. I was reminded, after reading "Etiquette," of the late Scott Fitzgerald's once telling me that he had looked into Emily Post and been inspired with the idea of a play in which all the motivations should consist of trying to do the right thing. The element of dramatic conflict would be produced by setting people at cross-purposes through stalemates of good form, from which the only salvation would be the intervention of some bounder as *deus ex machina* to put an end to the sufferings of the gentlefolk who had been paralyzed by Mrs. Post's principles. (There are actually novels by Howells, and even by Henry James, which very nearly fulfill this formula.) For it is true that Mrs. Post has supplied all the materials for such a drama. Her ideal gentleman-clubman and her ideal feminine house guest—described in little essays like the "characters" of LaBruyère or the *Spectator*—are models which can never deviate, and thoroughly priggish figures which would lend themselves to satirical



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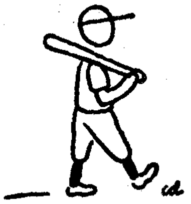
comedy. The "considerate guest," in particular, who is always perfectly sweet to everyone and always wants to do what the others are doing, who pretends to like children and dogs and lets them "climb over her" though she loathes them, could easily be shown as a menace from whom the party would have to be rescued by Mrs. Post's hideous villain: "The Guest No One Invites Again."

But Mrs. Post, in providing illustrations, has also invented types that have names, personalities, and histories, and that, like Proust's characters, are threaded through the book. They were originally intended to indicate how the right kind of entertaining might be done on various scales by people on different income levels; but they have taken such a hold on the author that they have gratuitously been developed to exemplify, like the groups in Proust, a variety of social milieux. They do, however, all belong to Society, and the author, unlike Miss Eichler, always assumes that the reader wants to belong to Society, too.

At the top of Mrs. Post's structure, from the point of view of a wealth which is united with "social credentials," stand the Worldlys of Great Estates (run by their butler Hastings) and the Gildings of Golden Hall. The Worldlys are a little difficult, they are constrained by the expensive habits and the inflated self-importance of the rich; but the Gildings are more human and always fun. Of Golden Hall Mrs. Post writes: "The house is a palace, the grounds are a park. There is not only a long wing of magnificent guest rooms in the house, occupied by young girls or important older people, but there is also a guest annex, a separate building designed and run like the most luxurious country club. . . . Perfectly equipped Turkish and Russian baths in charge of the best Swedish masseur and masseuse procurable . . . a glass-roofed and enclosed riding ring—not big enough for games of polo, but big enough for practise in winter," etc. It was after a party at Golden Hall that Mrs. Toplofty, Bobo Gilding's great-aunt, exclaimed, "How are any of us ever going to amuse any one after *this*? I feel like doing my guest rooms up in moth balls." Bobo Gilding (whose nickname is incidentally explained in a section intended to discourage what Mrs. Post calls conversational "door slammers": "As for the name 'Bobo,' it's asinine." "Oh, it's just one of those children's names that stick sometimes for life." "Perfect rot. Ought to be called by his name.")—Bobo Gilding, on his side, does not care for his aunt's rather pompous parties, since "entering a drawing room [for Bobo] was more suggestive of the daily afternoon tea ordeal of his early nursery days than a voluntary act of pleasure." And Mrs. Gilding (who was Lucy Wellborn) "did not care much to go either if none of her particular men friends were to be there. Little she cared to dance the cotillion with old Colonel Bluffington or to go to supper with that odious Hector Newman." Yet old Mrs. Toplofty is by no means dull, for, finding herself once at dinner "next to a man she quite openly despised, [she] said to him with apparent placidity, 'I shall not talk to you—because I don't care to. But for the sake of the hostess I shall say my multiplication tables. Twice one are two, twice two are four—' and she continued on through the tables, making him alternate them with her. As soon as she politely could, she turned to her other companion."



Lucy Gilding "smokes like a furnace and is miserable unless she can play bridge for high stakes." At her wedding, the bridesmaids were dressed "in deep shades of burnt orange and yellow, wood-colored slippers and stockings, skirts that shaded from brown through orange to yellow; yellow leghorn hats trimmed with jonquils, and jonquil bouquets;" and the affair was a great success for everybody except a "distinguished uncle," with whom Mrs. Post frankly sympathizes, who declared: "I did not think it was lovely at all. Every one of the bridesmaids was so powdered and painted that there was not a sweet or fresh face among them."

The Gildings' especial friends are rich young people like the Lovejoys and the Gailys, rich bachelors like Jim Smartlington and Clubwin Doe (the former of whom was elected "with little difficulty" to Clubwin Doe's club, at the same time that young Breezy was kept out by two men who "disliked his 'manner' "). But there are also, in the higher brackets, Mr. and Mrs. Kindhart. Mrs. Kindhart, unlike Mrs. Worldly, "talks to everyone, everywhere and always." Her "position is as good as Mrs. Worldly's every bit, but perhaps she can be more relaxed." It is the Kindharts who try to be helpful at the catastrophic "bungled dinner" which is given by "you," the reader—the evening when the fire smokes and Mrs. Toplofty gives orders that the logs are to be thrown out into the yard, when

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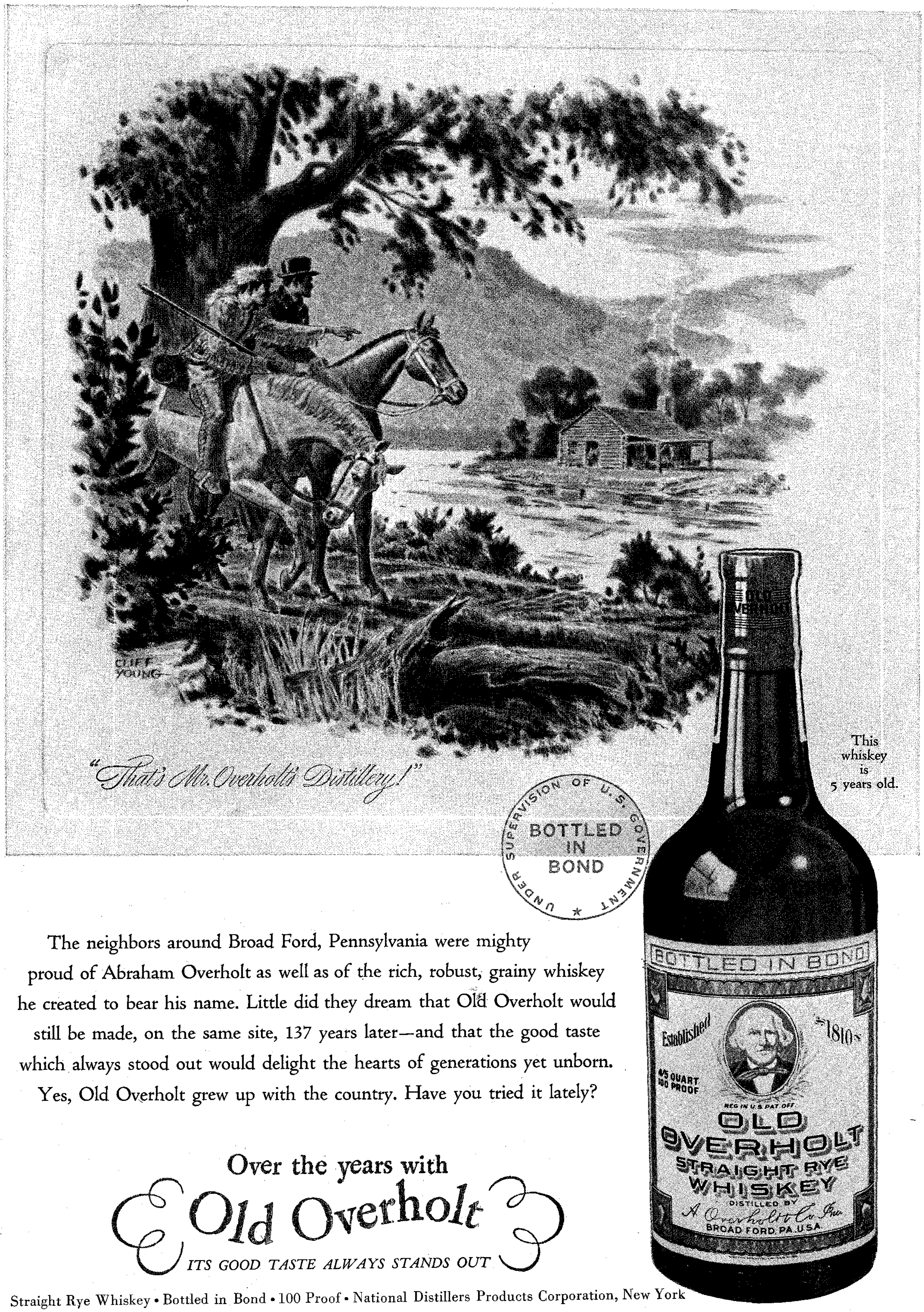
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Straight Rye Whiskey • Bottled in Bond • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York the Swedish maid says "Dinner's all ready!" instead of "Dinner is served" and deals the plates out like cards and then stacks them, when the clear soup turns out a "greasy-looking brown" and the hollandaise sauce "a curdled yellow mess"—the evening after which Mrs. Toplofty, Clubwin Doe, and the Worldlys and the Gildings, all of whom you invited at once, will, as you well know, be telling their friends: "Whatever you do, don't dine with the Newweds unless you eat your dinner before you go, and wear black glasses so no sight can offend you." On that occasion, Mr. Kindhart is the only guest who tries to eat the soup, and Mrs. Kindhart says to you gently: "Cheer up, little girl, it doesn't really matter"—making you know for the first time "to the full how terrible the situation is." (The other guests, on this unfortunate occasion, seem to have fallen a little short of the qualities of delicacy and grace which the author has elsewhere ascribed to the truly well bred.) It was the Kindharts who gave the houseparty at informal Mountain Summit Camp which inspires Mrs. Post to one of her most memorable chapters—that party at which Mr. Kindhart points out after lunch to the guests "a dozen guides who are waiting at the boat-house" and "a small swimming pool which can be warmed artificially" for those who find the lake too cold, but at which the Worldlys strike a false note, for Mr. Worldly insists on bringing his valet, though he well knows that this was not expected, and Mrs. Worldly, at the long pine lunch table, "looks at her napkin ring as though it were an insect"—till Mrs. Kindhart smiles and says: "I'm sorry, but I told you 'it was roughing it.' "

And then there are the Littlehouses (Mrs. Littlehouse was Sally Titherington), who, when you visit them, may "press you into service as auxiliary nurse, gardener, or chauffeur," but whose "personality" is "such that there is scarcely a day in the week when the motors of the most popular of the younger set are not parked at the Littlehouse door." And, on the fringes, such occasional guests as Grace Smalltalk, who *did* write to Mrs. Norman an admirable bread-and-butter letter, and the boring Professor Bugge, who was rather a social problem till he was seated by a clever hostess next to Mrs. Entomoid. In a somewhat different category, not frowned on but not included in the Eastern set, are Mr. and Mrs. Spendeasy Western and Mr. and Mrs. Jameson Greatlake, of 24 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

But Mrs. Post's real hero and heroine are Mr. and Mrs. Oldname. Mrs. Oldname is "*une dame élégante*"—because, as Mrs. Post tells us, there is no English word to "express the individuality of beautiful taste combined with personal dignity and grace which gives to a perfect costume an inimitable air of distinction." Her tact is unfailing and consummate: to a lady going in to dinner, she will say quietly: "Mr. Traveler, who is sitting next to you at the table, has just come back from two years alone with the cannibals." And "how does Mrs. Oldname walk? One might answer by describing how Pavlowa dances. Her body is perfectly balanced, she holds herself straight, and yet in nothing suggests a ramrod. She takes steps of medium length, and, like all people who move and dance well, walks from the hip, not the knee. On no account does she swing her arms, nor does she rest a hand on her hip! Nor when walking, does she wave her hands about in gesticulation." One of the most telling of the little episodes with which Mrs. Post's commentary is interspersed is her account of a visit to the Oldnames, which has the title "The Small House of Perfection." "A great friend of the Oldnames, but not a man who went at all into society, or considered whether people had position or not, was invited with his new wife—a woman from another State and of much wealth and discernment—to stay over a weekend at Brook Meadows." She asks her husband what sort of clothes to take, and he tells her that he has never seen Mrs. Oldname "dressed up a bit." The wife wonders whether to pack her cerise satin. The husband thinks it "much too handsome," but the wife decides to put it in. They drive up to a low, white shingled house, and the visitor notices that the flowers bordering the old-fashioned brick walk are "all of one color, all in perfect bloom." "She knew no inexperienced gardener produced that apparently simple approach to a door that has been chosen as frontispiece in more than one book on Colonial architecture. The door was opened by a maid in a silver gray taffeta dress, with organdie collar, cuffs and apron, white stockings and silver buckles on black slippers, and the guest saw a quaint hall and vista of

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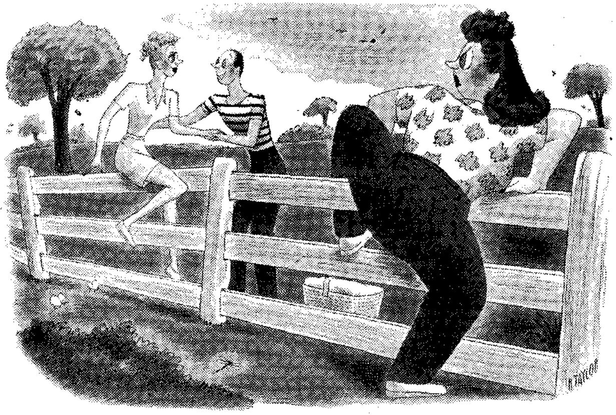

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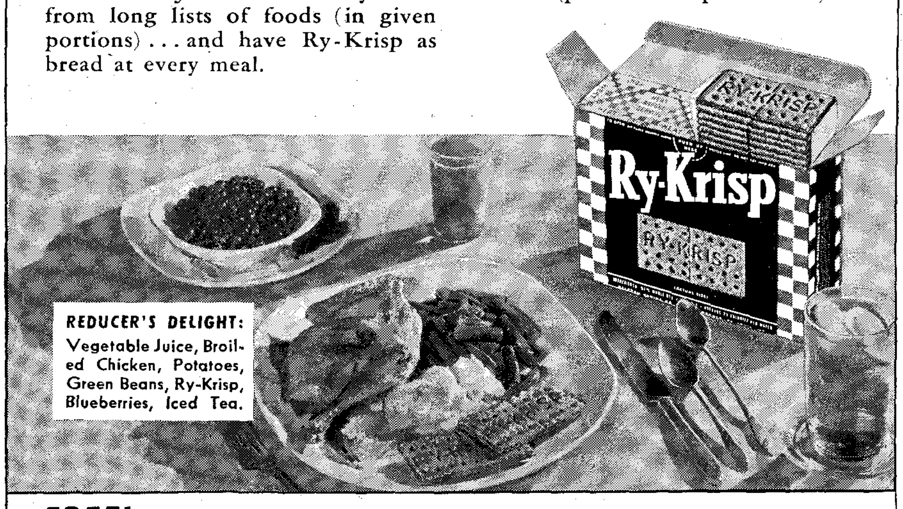

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rooms that at first sight might easily be thought 'simple' by an inexpert appraiser." Mrs. Oldname herself was electrifying to the visitor of wealth from another State. To describe her as "simple," exclaims Mrs. Post, "is about as apt as to call a pearl 'simple' because it doesn't dazzle; nor was there an article in the apparently simple living room that would be refused if it were offered to a museum." The furniture, the appointments, the other guests are filled in with glowing rapture. "That night the bride wore her cerise dress to one of the smartest dinners she ever went down to;" and when later she is alone with her husband she bursts out: "Why in the name of goodness didn't you tell me the truth about these people?" The husband misunderstands: "I told you it was a little house—it was you who insisted on bringing that red dress. I told you it was much too handsome!" "Handsome!" she cries in tears. "I don't own anything half good enough to compare with the least article in this house. That 'simple' little woman, as you call her, would, I think, almost make a queen seem provincial! And as for her clothes, they are priceless—just as everything is in this little gem of a house. Why, the window curtains are as fine as the best things in my trousseau."

The latest edition of Emily Post omits, as she says on the jacket, "certain non-essential customs and old-fashioned ideas," and aims to accommodate itself to the habits of later decades—including even those of the war and postwar young people—when formalities have been going by the board. The chapter, for example, which in the 1922 edition is called "The Chaperon and Other Conventions" is now entitled "The Vanished Chaperon and Other Lost Conventions." But the book is still dominated by the prestige of the Oldnames and the Gildings. Their prestige for Mrs. Post may finally have the effect of making some of her readers sympathetic toward the characters who are awful examples: the Upstarts, Mr. and Mrs. Unsuitable, and that touching Mr. Richan Vulgar who crossed the Atlantic four times a year in order to meet the smart people on shipboard and who, by capturing an innocent celebrity, attracted for a time to his table the Smartlys, the Wellborns, and the Lovejoys, only to lose them every one when they found out what he was really like and took to eating their meals on deck. (The story of Mr. Richan Vulgar, as well as the Upstarts and the Unsuitables, no longer figure in the new edition, but a pathetic Miss Nobackground has ap-

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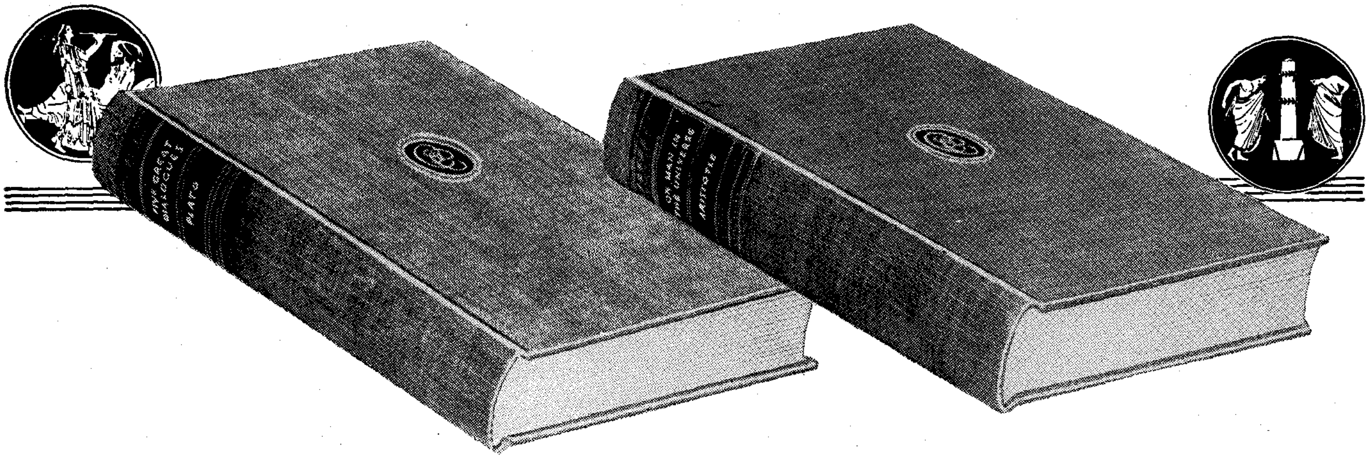

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peared.) One feels, in fact, something like sadism in the whole approach of Mrs. Post. She likes to humiliate. She cannot tell us how charming Miss Wellborn is or how perfect is Mrs. Oldname's taste without showing us how their perfections make somebody else uncomfortable. And I believe that her popularity must partly derive from this.

It is obvious that the Gildings and the Oldnames do not themselves need Mrs. Post's book of etiquette; and that the ordinary amiable American, to whom Miss Eichler addresses herself, does not necessarily need to hear about either Great Estates or the Small House of Perfection. But there are people who want social gods to worship and who find here the satisfaction that is somehow derived at once from imagining the enjoyment of glamour and power and from immolating oneself before them—since the reader is let in on lives of the dwellers in these privileged places but is constantly being reminded how desperately he should have to watch his step if he were ever admitted among them.

What you get in Emily Post, for all her concessions to the age's vulgarization, is a crude version of the social ideal to which the mass of Americans aspired after the Civil War: an ideal that was costly and glossy, smart, self-conscious, and a little disgusting in a period when even Mrs. Oldname reflected the lavish Gildings in stimulating her visitors to realize that the clothes she wore were "priceless" and her tableware and furniture museum pieces. Today this ideal must be fading with the money that kept it up, but, such as it is, many people must still enjoy reading about it. The publishers of Mrs. Post's "Etiquette" have announced that it has sold fifty thousand copies since the beginning of this year, the biggest sales in a decade.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE STEEPER CLIFF, by David Davidson (Random House). The principal character of this sharp, convincing novel is an introspective young American Army officer who has been detailed to help reorganize the newspapers of occupied Germany. A neurotic, almost morbid desire to understand the nature of human courage involves him in a search for a missing Bavarian editor with a reputation for having heroically resisted the Nazis. The search grows to be an obsession as the officer becomes per-

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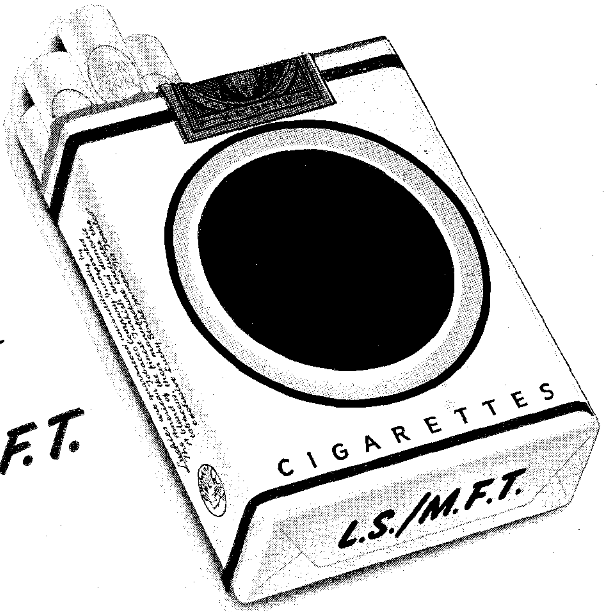

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suaded that only by learning the source of the German's supposed heroism can he find the answer to his own urgent problem. A neatly handled study of a psychological dilemma, and a timely and provocative closeup of some postwar Germans.

DISTURB NOT OUR DREAMS, by Hobert Douglas Skidmore (Houghton Mifflin). A gentle fable, written with precision and grace, about a number of amiable, not very bright ladies in a small, comfortably run old people's home and the foundling girl whom they bring up with much love and tenderness. The story covers a single day, in which the child goes to school for the first time and is brutally made conscious of a disfiguring birthmark. As the women share in the little girl's uncontrolled misery, they become aware of disfigurements of their own bitter pasts, which they have forgotten in their absorbing affection for the child. In the end, the girl is consoled and the old derelicts go back to the dreams that mercifully obscure their misfortunes. The fragile story is neither as obvious nor as oversweet as it sounds in recapitulation; Mr. Skidmore's clear, unpretentious prose, in fact, makes it rather lovely.

SECOND GROWTH, by Wallace Stegner (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Stegner, whose fiction usually reflects a glum preoccupation with life's sterner problems, this time obliges with a light novel, which, in spite of a trace of Lesbianism and a suicide, is almost cheerful. The story spans a summer in one of those charming New Hampshire villages that, for four months of the year, visitors from the city make their own. The plot is not much more than a series of lifelike pictures of village people who for one reason or another are not a part of village life. There is a girl whose college education has dislocated her home-town relationships, a Jewish tailor and his New York wife, and an orphan boy with a bad family background. It won't harm you, but it won't bring any fresh laurels to Mr. Stegner, either.

THE HOUSE OF SLEEP, by Anna Kavan (Doubleday). About the only useful thing a layman can say of this stream-of-consciousness narrative concerning a world of dreams and illusions is that it is beautifully written and deeply disturbing. In a series of soliloquies, a strangely unbalanced young girl reconstructs her distortion of normal relationships into a fearful, mysterious preoccupation with night, which Miss Kavan, who is experienced in dealing with the mentally ill, makes quite terrifying. Not everybody's book, as you can see, but a few will like it very much.

THE GAME COCK AND OTHER STORIES, by Michael McLaverty (Devin-Adair). Twelve tales of Irish country life, by a writer with a good eye and a good ear for the singing Irish speech. Most of them are interesting; the title story and the one called "The White Mare" are altogether delightful.

MRS. CANDY AND SATURDAY NIGHT, by Robert Tallant (Doubleday). A cheerful time killer about a good-natured, slatternly old woman who keeps a rooming house in a poor section of New Orleans. Old women who are also "characters" are apt to be great bores in fiction, but Mrs. Candy is a fairly diverting exception.

GENERAL

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION IN CHINA, by Israel Epstein (Little, Brown). This thoroughgoing study of the Chinese Revolution is both a work of scholarship and a polemic. The author, an American journalist who has lived most of his life in the Far East, believes that the mass movement against feudalism and foreign aggression, which was accelerated under the leadership of Sun Yat-sen, has now come to a stop and that reaction, personified by Chiang Kai-shek, is in the ascendant. For this turn of events, Mr. Epstein chiefly blames the United States, because this country, he says, has taken over the imperialist programs of both Great Britain and Japan. He contends that our foreign policy now dictates to the disillusioned people of the Far East how they shall live, what they shall manufacture, with whom they may trade. Our foreign policy has been given several beatings in recent thoughtful books on Spain and Germany, but in this one it gets the worst going over of all.

RICHER BY ASIA, by Edmond Taylor (Houghton Mifflin). A more recondite and personal work than Mr. Taylor's first book, "The Strategy of Terror," which was one of the most influential pieces of journalism of the tense period before Pearl Harbor. Here the author, who served as director of all O.S.S. activities in the Southeast Asia Command, tells how his experiences among the Orientals have helped him in his efforts to understand just what it means to be a member of the human race. Unfor-

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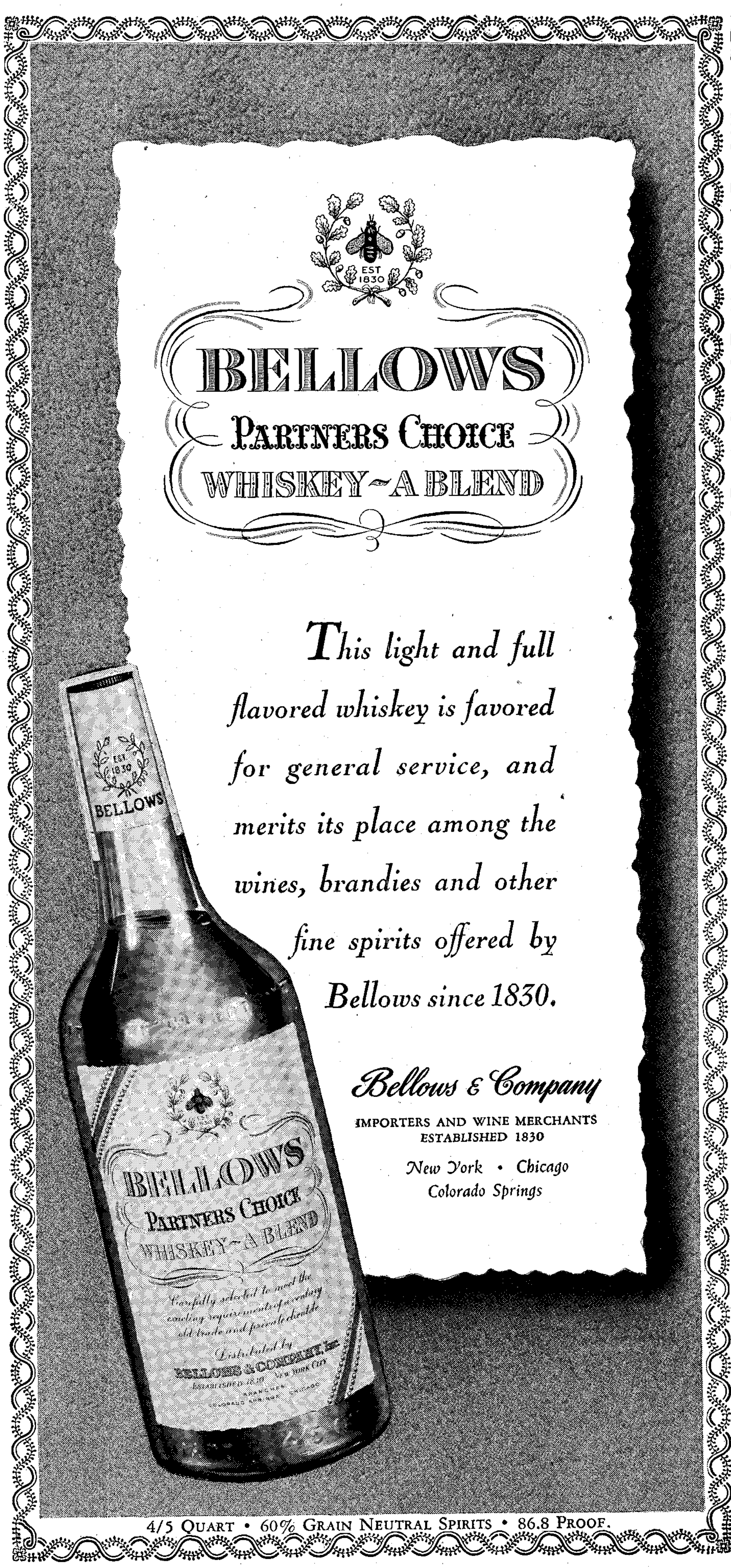
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tunately, the book is often marked by this kind of pretentiousness. Mr. Taylor is dazzled by the jargon of psychiatry—he really lets go in a section called "The Pathology of Imperialism" and in his exposition of his theory of "institutional delusion"—but his open-mindedness, his honesty, and his perceptive writing about Eastern religion and philosophy command respect.

PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE, VOLUME II, by Harley Granville-Barker (Princeton). Granville-Barker's approach to Shakespeare was through stagecraft, and in a period given over to specialized Shakespearean approaches of one kind or another, he turned up some interesting facts by analyzing the plays from the point of view of the actor and the professional playwright. The studies of "Othello" and "Coriolanus," here included, were finished just before the author's death last year.

FOUR CAUTIONARY TALES, translated by Harold Acton and Lee Yi-hsieh (John Lehmann). A quartet of refreshing stories taken from a seventeenth-century Chinese collection called "Common Tales to Rouse the World." In spirit, the pieces are much like Boccaccio's *novelle* and some of Cervantes' short fiction, since they all deal with romantic, picaresque love; their style reveals a charming, typically Chinese amusement over worldly folly.

HURRICANE WARNING, by Frank Meier (Dutton). Chronicles of major storms that raged over the seacoast and Great Lakes of the United States in the eighties, nineties, and early years of this century, and of the famous shipwrecks they caused. Mr. Meier has dug into the archives of the Coast Guard for his material and is a stickler for exactitude—weather conditions, names, dates, and so forth—but there is no drama in his writing. The stories are factually interesting, however, and the book can be

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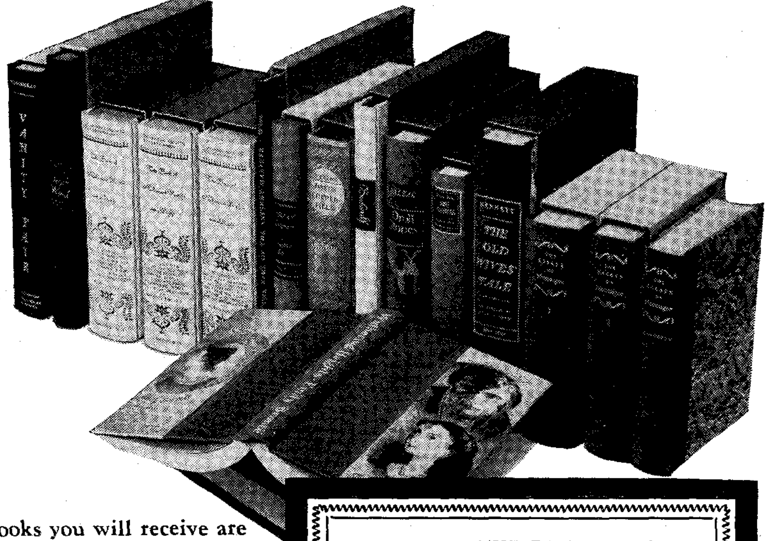

TO EACH NEW MEMBER of The Heritage Club, the directors plan to present a twenty-dollar portfolio of prints!

This is a portfolio called *The Four Seasons: in a French eighteenth-century town.* The portfolio itself is handsome. In it there are four prints, *in full color,* of water-color drawings by Thomas Maitland Cleland. They are in the full size of the originals: 12 x 12¼ inches. They are placed in fine-quality mats, size 16 x 17¼ inches each. This Christmas, these prints will be placed on general sale: at $5 each, $20 for all four prints with the portfolio.

The directors of this Club will present one of the portfolios to each new member, as an inducement to join *now.*

OF COURSE, no inducement whatever should be necessary. For the members of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." They come into possession of books beautifully illustrated by the world's greatest artists, well printed in readable types upon fine papers, and staunchly bound.

And their satisfaction is proved by the fact that *ninety percent* of the members renew their memberships each year—a renewal rate approached by no other book club except, of course, The Limited Editions Club which is the proud parent and sponsor of The Heritage Club.

If *you* obtain a membership now, you will receive twelve books during the coming year, at a special price to you of $3.30 each—or of only $2.97 each if payment is made in advance.

Among the books you will receive are *Tristram Shandy* and *Wuthering Heights* and *John Brown's Body* and *Jane Eyre* and *The Beggar's Opera* and *Westward Ho!* The illustrations for these books have been made by such world-famous men as T. M. Cleland and Edward A. Wilson and John Steuart Curry and Arthur Szyk.

IT IS POSSIBLE for you to come into the membership now, because The Heritage Club is about to embark upon a new Series—the *eleventh annual Series,* which is to be called Series L—of beautiful, *beautiful* books delivered to the members at the same price as an ordinary novel.

The titles in the new Series are completely described in a handsome Prospectus of which you may now have a copy for the asking.

But—and this is an important *but*—we are able to take in for this new Series, only 2,500 new members. There is now, as you know, a scarcity of paper in this country. Of the high quality of paper which *we* use, the supply is so limited as to force us to gnash our teeth in fury.

Fill out the coupon printed here, and mail it to us promptly. We will then send you a copy of the completely descriptive Prospectus. We will reserve a Membership for you until you have had time to study the Prospectus—and we will also reserve for you a portfolio of *The Four Seasons.*

Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books. Here is your opportunity to put this statement to the test!

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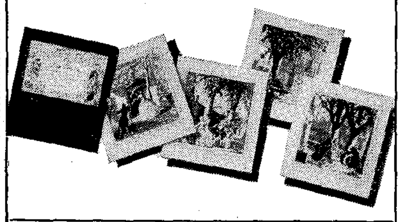

Reservation of Membership

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PLEASE send me a copy of the Prospectus describing your program for the coming Series. I understand that you will reserve one of the limited number of Memberships for me, awaiting my application; and that I am entitled to a portfolio of *The Four Seasons* if I join the membership now.

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The Portable Johnson & Boswell, edited by Louis Kronenberger (Viking). A rewarding collection, made up of a chunk of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson," some selections from Boswell's journal of the tour of the Hebrides that he made with the usually comfort-loving Doctor, and a sprinkling of Johnson's own writings—lives of Pope and Savage, prefaces, letters, and poems. The book provides an opportunity to compare the Johnson of Boswell's biography (which has been called one of the great novels of all time) with the Doctor as he revealed himself when he ponderously took his pen in hand. Mr. Kronenberger, who is very much at home in the eighteenth century, contributes a knowledgeable and amusing introduction.

Maura Laverty's Cookbook, by Maura Laverty (Longmans). If you have read Miss Laverty's novels, you will remember her frequent and exciting references to Irish cooking. In this brief collection of recipes, she writes with wholesome gusto about a number of old-fashioned Irish dishes and a few new-fashioned ones. All the recipes are of a simplicity (even a frugality) that makes our American cookbooks seem embarrassingly lavish.

VERSE

Charles Baudelaire: One Hundred Poems from "Les Fleurs du Mal," translated by C. F. MacIntyre (University of California Press). Here, at last, is a good modern version of this important book. Mr. MacIntyre, by the use of off-rhymes and a loose rhythm, does a remarkably successful job of keeping Baudelaire's form reasonably intact while retaining his force and meaning. He commendably adopts the arrangement of the second edition of 1861, the last overseen by the poet, but he has restored the six poems suppressed by a French court and dropped from that edition. The French texts, two portraits, interesting and unconventional notes, and an excellent bibliography are included.

Poems, by Joan Murray (1917-42), edited by Grant Code, with a foreword by W. H. Auden (Yale). A posthumous volume, part of the Yale Series of Younger Poets, arranged from the manuscripts of a young poet whose technical equipment and imaginative powers were still in process of development when she died. Her point of view and accent are, however, unmistakably poetic and original.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Blue Horse of Taxco, by Kathleen Moore Knight (Doubleday). Feelings run high in Mexican silver-designing circles when a young New York businesswoman comes to Taxco to pick the winner of a contest sponsored by the department store she works for. Several contestants are bumped off, the young lady gets whisked away into the mountains, and it is only through the efforts of a former fiancé that the competition is prevented from becoming a small-scale massacre. Fairly exciting, in spite of routine plotting.

Murder on the Purple Water, by Frances Crane (Random House). The Pat Abbotts, disporting themselves in Key West, take time out to help track down the murderer of an aging playboy. Six suspects, all of them addicted to deep-sea fishing, are scrutinized by the Abbotts, and things become lively indeed out in the Gulf Stream before the right party is nabbed. Pleasantly nautical, if rather short on clues.

Manila Hemp, by Elinor Chamberlain (Dodd, Mead). An American governess, still unstrung after a stretch in a North China internment camp, takes a position on a plantation outside of Manila. A number of murders, a lot of political unrest, and a disturbing love affair retard her recovery, but eventually an American Army officer, with the aid of an earthquake, puts the situation to rights. The story is confusing, but it has the same excellent background of "Appointment in Manila," this author's last preceding mystery.

•

She was exquisitely formed; and the most critical exploration could not discover more or less than there ought to be. Her beautiful arms, like the branches of some fair tree, descended from her well-turned breast.—*From "Tales of the Monks," edited by Manuel Komroff.*

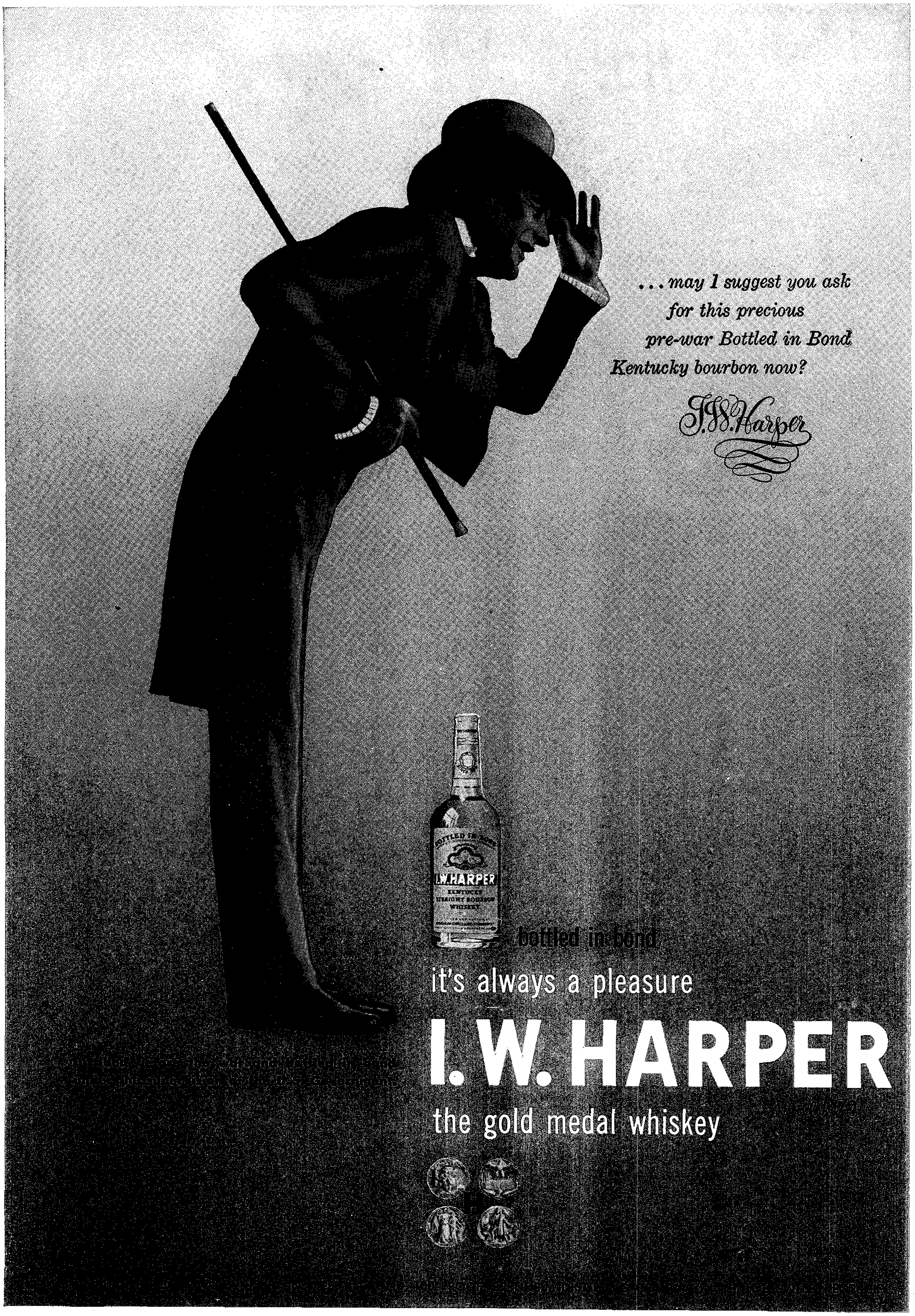
Well-turned, maybe, but cluttery.

•

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER DEPT.

[*Dorothy Thompson in the Cleveland Plain Dealer*]

Having talked a week ago on the Town Meeting of the Air concerning the question, "Are Communism and Christianity Compatible?" I have found myself pondering the matter ever since.



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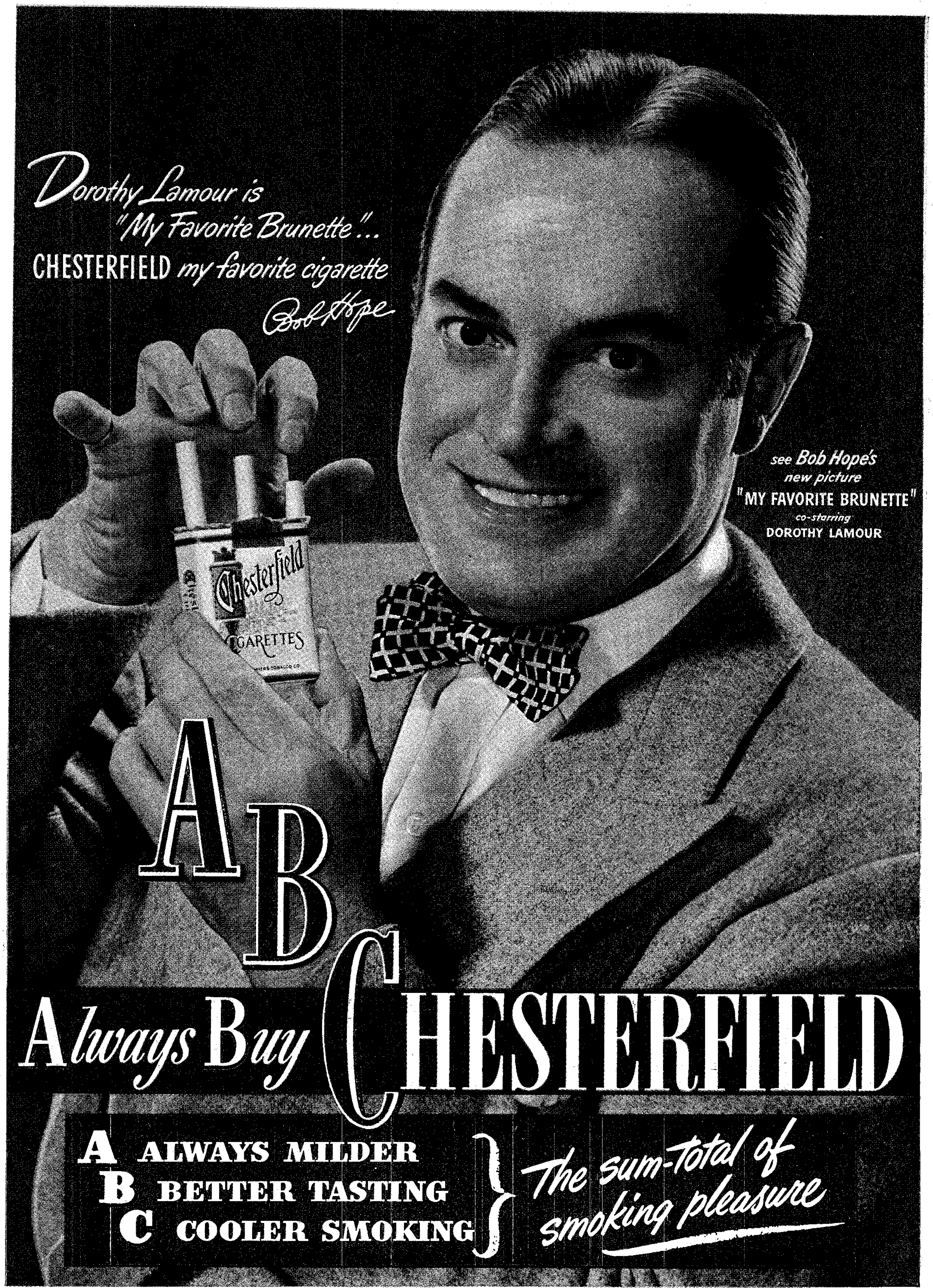
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